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THE  
ADULTERESS ;

OR,

*Anecdotes of Two Noble Families.*

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THE  
ADULTERESS ;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF

TWO NOBLE FAMILIES:

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A TALE.

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*In Four Volumes.*

BY AN ENGLISH-WOMAN.

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Our actions are our heralds, and they fix  
Beyond the date of tombs and epitaphs,  
Renown or infamy. —————

TOBIN'S CURFEW.

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VOL. IV.

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THE

# ADULTERESS;

OR,

*Anecdotes of Two Noble Families.*

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## CHAP. I.

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;  
Not to be stay'd by masque or midnight roar!  
Nor shall a pulse, among that mould'ring dust,  
Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more!

Hither let Luxury lead her loose-robed train;  
Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings:  
And from the moral prospect learn—how vain  
The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

CUNNINGHAM,

LONG before they reached the place of their destination, the sensible discourse of her companion had chased all unpleasant reflections from the mind of Emily; who was alive only to the plea-

sure, with which his company and conversation inspired her. She was enraptured with the retired shades of Kensington Gardens, a part of them she had never before seen ; but with Edward for her companion, any place, even one of much less beauty would have appeared a paradise ; nor, whilst hanging upon his arm, or listening to his conversation, was she sensible of fatigue.

Edward, finding her taste to be thus similar to his own, promised, on the following day to lead her to another spot, where he was, himself, particularly fond of wandering ; and which, he had no doubt, she would, also, be pleased with. Her late formed resolutions were no more thought of—she immediately promised to accompany him:—and, by the time they had reached home, she had almost forgotten that there had ever existed a necessity for such a resolution to have been made.

But she had no sooner retired to her

own chamber, than she was again assailed by her former harassing reflections. With the casuistry of affection, however, she settled the matter with her conscience in this way:—that whilst she lived in the same house with him, and made part of his family, it was impossible to put her resolutions into practice: and, that she must, therefore, as much as possible, endeavour to become insensible to his good qualities, for to avoid him was beyond her present ability.

When Madeline assisted her to undress, she said—“ she was glad to see her mistress in better spirits—for you have “ looked but melancholy-like,” added she, “ for this day or two, fitter for a funeral than for a wedding. Ah, well! “ —I hope, if ever I am lucky enough “ to get a husband, I may have a merry “ day of it! and not have such dismal “ doings as this here of Miss Olivia’s, I “ beg her pardon though; she is a



“ Mrs. now, to all intents and purposes.”

“ How do you mean dismal, Madeline?”—enquired Emily.

“ La! Miss Emily, why what I mean about dismal, is, poking into the country directly the parson’s married ’em. For my part, I expected nothing less, than if ever you or Miss Vaversly got a sweetheart, and was married; or Mr. Edward, or Mr. Henry, or my Lord, or any of you; that we should keep open house, at least for a week. To be sure, us servants had a merry-making on the wedding-day—and Sir William gave us leave to invite any of our acquaintance—but there, if you’ll believe it, was all my pleasure spoilt, by our house-keeper’s inviting that good-for-nothing Mrs. Dawbwell, who invented all that wicked story, you know, Miss Emily, about you.”

“ But it was very silly of you, Made-



“line, to let that interrupt your pleasure.  
“Most probably she has, by this time,  
“forgotten that she ever circulated such  
“an improbable tale.”

“But I have not forgot it, though,”  
said Madeline, warmly—“nor never  
“should if I was to live to be as old as  
“that man in the bible, I forget what  
“they called him. But, another thing,  
“too, she said, and that, I believe, is only  
“one of her own trumped up stories;  
“only I shan’t mention it, Miss Emily,  
“in case you might not like it.”

“O! you need not fear;”—said  
her mistress—“pray what did she  
“say?”

“I hope you won’t be vexed about it,  
“Miss Emily—but she said, she supposed  
“there would soon be another wedding  
“in the family, for, she was told every  
“where, how much Miss Doraton was in  
“love with my Lord Vaversly. I don’t  
“believe it, says I:—my young lady is  
“too modest to fall in love with any

“ body, without they did first with her.  
“ For, you know, that is a very bold  
“ thing, Miss Emily; and very foolish  
“ too; for if a man once thinks you are  
“ in love with him, he only makes a laugh  
“ of you, and never cares a farthing for  
“ you any more. But, as I knew very  
“ well, you would scorn to do such a  
“ thing, why, I told her flatly I did not  
“ believe it. It was no consequence  
“ whether I did or no, she said; but  
“ that for her part, she had no doubt of  
“ the fact. Any body might like his  
“ Lordship; and Miss Doraton was not  
“ a person to be very particular.—(You  
“ said you would not be vexed about it,  
“ you know, Miss Emily.)—However, I  
“ took your part; for, says I, my young  
“ lady, to let you know, Mrs. Dawb-  
“ well, is handsome enough for a prince.  
“ All her own beauty too; not bought  
“ at the shops, as some people’s beauty  
“ is :—(I gave her a hint there, I did it  
“ on purpose)—for, Jonathan says, that

“ my Lady Overdo’s face is covered as if  
“ it was done with a plaister ; and Mrs.  
“ Dawbwell’s is very little better.”

“ I wonder the housekeeper invited  
“ this person a second time,” said Emily,  
“ when there was such a bustle with her  
“ not long ago.”

“ That was just what I said, Miss  
“ Emily—I would not have asked her to  
“ come here again upon any account.—  
“ And so I told our housekeeper—but la !  
“ there she was foolish enough to pro-  
“ mise, that if the wedding did take  
“ place between you and my Lord, she  
“ should be one of the party at our merry-  
“ making.”

“ Well, do not make yourself uneasy,  
“ Madeline ;” resumed Emily—“ for if  
“ you are never more annoyed by the  
“ presence of this person, (who seems a  
“ chattering kind of woman, and, as is  
“ generally the case with great talkers,  
“ not very particular as to the truth) un-  
“ til I become Lady Vaversly, you are

“likely never to be troubled with her  
“again. But, for the future, I would  
“advise you, to take no notice of any of  
“her assertions; for they are always of  
“a ridiculous, improbable nature, and  
“are best passed over with the silent  
“contempt they merit.”

When she had dismissed this affectionate girl, whose zeal for her mistress so frequently led her into quarrels, Emily felt happy to find, that this person, who made herself so busy about her and her concerns, had not happened to fix her eye upon the right person. Emily could laugh at the idea of being in love with Lord Vaversly: but had this woman named Edward as the person to whom she was attached, it would have added greatly to her present vexation: for she would have been in momentary dread of its being talked of in the family, and eventually, perhaps have reached the ears of Edward himself.

On the following day, her spirits were

so much revived, that Miss Maitland was made quite happy at this renewal of her former vivacity; and laughingly told Edward, that the air of Kensington Gardens had had such a visible good effect upon her, that she begged he would take her out for another ramble. He professed his readiness to undertake the office; and reminded her of the promise she had made him on the preceding evening.

Without the least hesitation she complied. And ringing the bell for Madeline to fetch her bonnet and other attire for walking, she sat herself composedly down, until she again made her appearance.— Her conduct was so very unlike what it had been on the preceding evening, that Miss Maitland was astonished at the apparent change. But she forbore to notice it; and fondly hoped that it might have been occasioned by the conversation she had held with Edward, during their long ramble the day before. Her own resolu-



tion had now changed in regard to speaking to Emily upon the subject; for, she wished the first mention of it should come from herself; and, if Edward had given her any reason to hope that her attachment was returned, she was sure, that ere long, Emily would disclose to her the whole affair. That she had not before made her acquainted with the cause of her uneasiness, she naturally enough supposed, proceeded from delicacy on the part of Emily; who would, she knew, never have the courage to make her the confidant of a passion, which she had admitted into her bosom, unsupported even by hope.

When properly equipped for their ramble, they again set out. Going down Grosvenor Place, and through Pimlico, to the spot where once stood Ranelagh, now only a heap of ruins! But the beautiful grove which once formed part of the gardens, being still suffered to remain it affords to the lovers of Nature, so re-

tired and solitary a shade, that there had been scarcely a day since the building had been delapidated, but it had been visited by the steps of Edward.

Though the scene altogether wore an air of desolation, yet it was accompanied with one of wildness and solitary grandeur, that would have rendered it a fit subject for the pencil of the artist. Emily was, as Edward had predicted she would be, delighted with the solemn aspect of the place; and as they wandered up and down the avenue leading to the water, where trees thickly interwoven almost obscured the light of day, their attention was arrested by the sound of the cuckoo; whose monotonous murmurings, heard at intervals from an adjoining meadow; added to the charm of solitude, and alone interrupted the universal stillness, which reigned around. They stopt to listen. The sound was repeated. Each melancholy vibration added to the interest of the scene—but it at length

ceased—and the silence was then unbroken.

Emerging from their embowering canopy, they sat down on a loose fragment of stone, which once formed part of Ranelagh—now fallen like many of its gay attendants!—and passed some time pensively moralizing on the changes and vicissitudes, that are daily taking place around us. The scene before them necessarily inspired some mournful sensations; but though mournful, they were not unpleasing: and after resting themselves for a short time, they quitted this once crowded, though now forsaken spot, and slowly bent their steps again towards Park Lane.

During their walk home, the conversation naturally turned upon the deserted spot they had recently quitted: and Emily observed, that if, (as Audrey says, in Shakespeare's Comedy of "As you Like it,") the Gods had made her poetical, she should certainly have been



inspired by the calm beauty, and complete solitariness of the scene they had lately visited.

“It is certainly calculated for the enjoyment of meditative, musing melancholy,” replied Edward: “and did I not think you would laugh at my attempts at versification, I would shew you a few lines, which I wrote on the back of a letter, with a pencil, the very last evening I rambled alone upon this romantic spot.”

Emily assured him of the pleasure she should receive, by the perusal of any lines of his composition; and he accordingly produced from his pocket-book, and gave into her hand the paper, saying — “He feared she would not be able to make it out, being merely a rough sketch, exactly as he had first written it, with several words scratched out, and others here and there inserted — You will not shew them to any one, my dear Miss Doraton,” added he, “for

“I should be ashamed of having my  
“hasty production seen by any person,  
“except a partial and esteemed friend  
“like yourself, who will not criticise it  
“too severely. But, you will not, I am  
“sure, for you have too much sensibility  
“and good-nature, ever intentionally to  
“wound the feelings of another.”

“You may rely upon it, that no one  
“shall see it but myself,” returned Emily,  
—“and I feel much gratified at your ex-  
“ception in my favour. I almost envy  
“you the talent of composition; for it  
“must afford, to those who possess a ge-  
“nius for it, a never-failing resource  
“against ennui.”

“Yes;” replied Edward—“it solaces  
“many an hour, which might, other-  
“wise, perhaps, pass drearily. But, my  
“dear Miss Doraton, you mentioned  
“genius—alas! you must not expect to  
“find a spark of it in my humble pro-  
“duction. I sometimes string a few  
“lines together, merely for my own

“amusement, but as to genius—that is  
“totally out of the question.”

“Well, we shall see,” said Emily;  
“perhaps you under-rate your own abi-  
“lities in the pleasing art of composition  
“—but to-morrow I shall be better able  
“to form a just opinion upon the subject,  
“and will not criticise you with too  
“much severity, you may depend upon  
“it,” added she, laughing.

Being nearly the hour of supper when they reached home, Emily had no opportunity to inspect the paper given her by Edward, until the time of her retiring for the night. She fancied they sat unusually long after supper this evening; for her impatience was extreme to read these lines, merely because they were the production of Edward. His having submitted them to her inspection alone, was a circumstance highly flattering—and, for the first time, she almost admitted a hope that her affection might be

returned. She feared, however, to give way to, or indulge in, an idea so pleasing; for, she fancied that in a mind like Edward's, a resolution once formed, would be strictly adhered to. When the remembrance of his mother crossed her mind, hope was at once annihilated—for, it was not likely, with such an example before his eyes, that he should be disposed to run a similar risk of forfeiting his happiness, by changing his resolution in respect to marriage. Yet, notwithstanding all this, she would now and then indulge in reveries of future happiness: but they were of no long duration: being commonly succeeded by the complete hopelessness of despair.

When she retired to her own chamber, Madeline seemed disposed to be talkative; but Emily, dispensing with her services that evening, dismissed her almost immediately. And the very moment she was alone, drew from her pocket the pa-

per which Edward had given her, and with the strongest feelings of affection for the author, read the following lines:

---

WRITTEN

*Among the Ruins of Ranelagh.*

---

FAR from the bustle of the noisy throng,  
With mind and spirits ill-attun'd to folly,  
I seek a shelter'd seat, these groves among,  
T' enjoy the charm of heav'nly melancholy.

This verdant canopy high o'er me spread,  
Of ancient trees, with many a branch entwin'd,  
Forms a fantastic arch above my head,  
And suits the pensive tenor of my mind.

The wind and waves seem hush'd in deep repose,  
Scarce the light breeze of evening round me sweeps,  
The setting sun a mellow lustre shews,  
And all around a soothing silence keeps.



This rude unshapen stone, that rests me now,  
Once form'd a part of that gay circled dome,  
Where many a splendid belle and flutt'ring beau,  
Sought for that pleasure, such ne'er find at home.

Here, in the centre of that brilliant round,  
The laughing Goddess nightly kept her court ;  
With chains of roses, she, her votaries bound,  
And thus enslav'd them, seemingly in sport.

But Fashion—jealous of her sovereign sway,  
Fashion, more fickle than the veering wind,  
That pow'r, whom Pleasure's votaries all obey  
Decreed—" the Goddess should not be confin'd

To that one spot."——Thus said, away she flew,  
But Pleasure lingering took a sad survey,  
And sighing breath'd a fond, a last adieu,  
Then follow'd swift where Fashion led the way.

Deserted now by all the giddy throng,  
The voice of melody was heard no more ;  
No more the plaintive flute, or sprightly song,  
Could lure one wand'rer back from Pleasure's shore ;

Thy walks once crowded, now with moss o'ergrown,  
Thy lake transparent sullied by neglect,  
Thy soft green sod, where wither'd leaves are strewn,  
Deform the very spot, which once they deck'd.

O'er all the scene sad desolation reigns,  
The Building now is levell'd with the ground,  
A pile of stones is all that now remains,  
With here and there a fragment scatter'd round.

Yet still the mournful scene has charms for me,  
I woo lone quiet in this leafy shade;  
And find a seat beneath this spreading tree,  
Which seems for pensive contemplation made.

E. M.—*May 18.*

---

Emily received much pleasure from the perusal of these verses, which, according to her opinion, could scarcely be excelled. But, it must be recollected, that she judged through the medium of affection, not with the eye of criticism. He had said nothing of her returning them, she, therefore, trusted that he would permit her to keep them: but she meant first to ask his permission; and if his consent was obtained, to lay them by as one of the most valuable of her possessions.

In answer to her request, he said—  
“that, if she thought the lines worthy  
“of her acceptance, they were much at  
“her service:” at the same time, entreating as a favour, “that should they  
“ever be submitted to the inspection of  
“any one, she would never name him  
“as their author.”

She assured him of her inviolable secrecy on this subject:—and, from this time, the lines of Edward were treasured up as a sacred relic, reserved only for her own perusal, and not to be gazed upon by any other than the eye of fond affection. Yet, few poems were so frequently read, or so enthusiastically admired, for she perused them over and over again, and never suffered a day to pass without inspecting them, and fancied she discovered new beauties every time she opened the paper.

Lord Vaversly, in the mean time, had seldom called in Park Lane, since the marriage of his sister;—having purpose-



ly absented himself: — for he had, at last, come to a firm resolution to give up all thoughts of Emily. But, as he found this could never be effected, whilst a daily witness of her many amiable qualities, he determined to see her as little as possible. In pursuance of this plan, he declined accompanying the Maitland's in their promised visit to Melbury, as had been agreed upon, when they had parted with the new-married couple at Reigate.

There he had found it impossible to withstand the attractions of Emily ; and, therefore, determined not to put himself any more in the way of temptation. — For he feared, (as would certainly have been the case at Reigate, had not Edward been a third in the party) that, thrown off his guard, perhaps, by finding himself at any time alone with her, he might, from the impulse of the moment, disclose to her his affection. To marry her, however, he considered as impossible—

and he, therefore, resolved not to trust himself any more within the circle of her attractive qualities, and determined not to go to Melbury, whilst Emily and the Maitland's were there.

He now once more entertained the idea of travelling to some distant kingdom, in hopes of eradicating, by absence, this unlucky prepossession—for, though he considered her as one of the most amiable of human beings, and entertained for her the most ardent affection; yet, the pride of family would not allow him thus to disgrace himself, and his ancestors, by marrying a woman, however amiable, whose birth was unknown; and who might, probably, have sprung from the very lowest classes of society.

At the time appointed the Maitland family, accompanied by Emily, left London for Melbury: where they found Henry and Olivia anxiously awaiting their arrival. The latter almost wept for joy at the sight of Emily; for they had

never before been separated, from the days of their early youth. Olivia was much disappointed at not seeing her brother with them, as he had promised to be of the party, when they had separated at Reigate; and, at last, said — “she knew not what to make of it, but, for her part, she really believed that Arthur was in love.”

“I have had a suspicion of that sort a long while,” observed Henry, “for you may speak to him a dozen times, and he will not answer you. Particularly, when he comes to our house. — I have caught him in these reveries over and over again.”

Edward had many times made the same remark :—but he forbore to say so ; —knowing, as he thought, but too well, who the object of his affection was.

Emily said, “she should be very glad to hear he was married, if it was but to a good wife ; for,” added she, “he is so truly worthy, that there are but

“ few women, who would deserve him. —  
“ He would make, I know, such a kind,  
“ affectionate husband, that he would  
“ be a treasure to any woman, and I  
“ heartily wish your surmises may prove  
“ true !”

During the time Emily was speaking, Edward anxiously watched her countenance—but discovered no signs of attachment to Lord Vaversly, in the unrestrained freedom of her manner. She had warmly expressed her wishes to see him happy with another; and, though this might, possibly, have been said with a view to mislead; yet, he thought, if such had been her intention, it would not have been uttered without hesitation or confusion. But, she was perfectly unembarrassed;—and, it now, for the first time occurred to him, that it was possible, he might have been mistaken in his opinion concerning their attachment. The absence of Lord Vaversly, too, at this juncture, confirmed this supposition;

for had he entertained the warm affection for Emily, which Edward had hitherto imagined, it was but natural to suppose, that he would gladly have availed himself of so favourable an opportunity of being in her company. He now felt assured that he must have been mistaken ; and concluded, that the attachment of his Lordship for some other female, had caused him to form so erroneous a judgement concerning him and Emily.

Olivia not long afterwards made the remark, “ that she had not heard any “ thing for a long while of Edward’s “ bachelor scheme.”——In truth, he had, ever since the first day of their arrival at Melbury, begun to entertain other sentiments, and to anticipate a life of happiness in a marriage with Emily. He had been long secretly enamoured of her, but whilst he supposed her engaged to Lord Vaversly, he had too much honour to breathe a word upon the subject to her, or to any one : but now, when he had every



reason to flatter himself that her affections were free and disengaged, he gave himself up to the pleasure which her presence inspired, and ventured to pay her those lover-like attentions, which he had hitherto carefully withheld, from an high sense of honour towards his friend.

His repeated declarations against marriage, had never been from any dislike that he had entertained towards the state itself; but he despaired of meeting with a woman, whose sentiments at all resembled his own. Emily, however, offered an exception.—Her taste, disposition, and pursuits, were so exactly in unison with his; and her modest, retired, unaffected manners, so completely accorded with his ideas of feminine perfectibility; that, with her for his associate through life, with her for his companion, he entertained not a doubt of being happy.

The obscurity of her birth was to him

no objection. He compared her with the generality of the high-born females of the present day, and how greatly did she rise their superior, at least, in his estimation. He saw her amiable, virtuous, and accomplished,—though the latter was a point on which Edward laid but little stress:—for the accomplishments of the present day, he had frequently observed, to be so utterly exclusive of the modest, retired virtues, that the very name of an accomplished young woman, conveyed to him an idea, of a bold, unblushing deportment, such as he had often been witness to, in many a family where he visited. Emily, therefore, seemed the woman formed to make him happy, and he congratulated himself upon the felicitous prospect which lay before him. To be sure, he had not yet obtained her consent, (as he wished first to mention the affair to his father) but he flattered himself that she would not be adverse to his wishes—for lovers

are clear-sighted in these matters, though wilfully blind upon other occasions—and he fondly fancied that her whole conduct was such, as to prove, that she viewed not his attentions with the eye of indifference.

Accordingly, he requested a private interview with his father. And when he informed him of his change of resolution, and of his immediate intention to marry; Sir William, though he could scarcely give credit to what he heard, so much was he astonished, was, at the same time, highly delighted.—“And “who is the lady, pray, Edward, whose “charms have induced you to break “through your long established resolution of dying an old bachelor?”—enquired he.

“One who is no stranger to you, Sir;” replied Edward—“and one, whom I fear “not, but will meet with your warmest “approbation.”

“Aye, indeed,” returned Sir William,



with a countenance, on which pleasure was strongly depicted, “do I know  
“her?—Then let me see!—perhaps, O  
“yes, it is, I dare say, Lady Mary Wind-  
“ham. I was in hopes her beautiful  
“face, and bright eyes, might wean you  
“from your solitary scheme of ending  
“your days alone. She is a very charm-  
“ing young woman; and has, you know,  
“her fortune entirely at her own dispo-  
“sal. If it is her, you will have made  
“a capital choice, for such an alliance  
“I should approve of very much. What  
“do you say, Edward?—Is it so?—Am  
“I right in my conjecture?”

“No, Sir;”—replied his son.—“Lady  
“Mary is, I believe, an amiable young  
“woman; at least, I know nothing to  
“the contrary:—but she is not exactly  
“the kind of female, I should select to  
“pass my life with. — Her habits and  
“pursuits must be totally dissimilar to  
“mine; and, where that is the case,  
“happiness could never be expected.—

“ She has been brought up too fashion-  
“ ably, and been too early initiated in a  
“ life of gaiety and dissipation, to make  
“ a suitable wife for me. I must have  
“ a friend—a companion, in the woman  
“ to whom I unite myself—and not a  
“ mere beauty, who is ever on the wing  
“ for admiration.”

“ You are an oddity, Ned, I know,”  
replied Sir William, smiling.—“ But, as  
“ it seems, I am a bad hand at guessing,  
“ according to your taste and fancy,  
“ pray inform me, what miracle has  
“ wrought this wonderful change in  
“ your resolution? — You say I know  
“ this wonderful being — but I cannot  
“ call to mind any other young person,  
“ (since it is not Lady Mary) who is at  
“ all likely to have brought about this  
“ pleasing, though surprising alteration.”

“ You forget Emily, Sir,”—said Edward, whilst a slight suffusion coloured his cheek.

“ Emily !”—cried Sir William, in a

tone of disappointment?—"You cannot surely think of Emily Doraton, seriously, for a wife!"

"Why not, Sir?" demanded Edward, warmly,—"where shall I find a more deserving object?"

"But the uncertainty, and too probable obscurity of her birth, Edward," said Sir William, mildly, yet laying a strong stress upon every word.

"Is to me no objection;"—quickly interrupted Edward.—"I know her to be virtuous, sensible, and amiable, and I ask no more."

"You will recollect, my dear boy," said his father, "that this alliance will bring no increase of fortune.—I allow her to be an amiable, worthy young woman; but, in these times, we should look for something more. A wife will bring many additional expences; and whilst I live, at least, your own income can be but small. I would advise you to reflect seriously, Edward, before you

“ form such an alliance :—otherwise, at  
“ some future period, you may, perhaps,  
“ repent, having rashly engaged yourself  
“ to a young person, so deficient in those  
“ two essentials, birth and fortune, as  
“ you cannot but know Emily Doraton  
“ to be.”

“ Fortune is, I perfectly agree with  
“ you, Sir,” returned Edward, “ a very  
“ necessary ingredient in a matrimonial  
“ compact; and did Emily possess any,  
“ it would certainly be more desirable for  
“ us both. But, you will pardon me,  
“ Sir, if I differ from you, in respect to  
“ Birth. That, I consider, as a matter  
“ of little or no consequence. Let her  
“ have derived her origin from whom she  
“ may, even admitting her to have sprung  
“ from the very lower classes of society,  
“ (of which, however, we have no proof)  
“ by marrying her, I raise her to my  
“ station, and not, you will recollect,  
“ my dear father, debase myself to  
“ her’s.”

“ I did not think you were so romantic,  
“ Edward,” observed Sir William, “ as  
“ to be caught by the attraction of a  
“ pretty face.”

“ Nor am I now, Sir,” resumed his  
son. — “ The beauty of Emily, adorned  
“ as it is, by all those retired graces,  
“ without which mere beauty is valueless.  
“ in my eyes, is, to me, her least recom-  
“ mendation. Believe me, my dear fa-  
“ ther, that alone would never have at-  
“ tracted me,—would never have induced  
“ me to change my resolution—or to have  
“ sought pleasure in her society.—No ;  
“ it was the nameless charm that accom-  
“ panies her every word, her every action:  
“ —Her sensibility —her modesty—her  
“ manners, (which you have frequently  
“ allowed yourself, to be extremely pleas-  
“ ing) that first attracted my regard,  
“ and created in my bosom that ardency  
“ of attachment, which now forms part  
“ of my existence. In a marriage with  
“ Emily, I now look forward to a species



“ of happiness, which I have never before ventured to anticipate—and, as we are both moderate in our wishes, what we lack in fortune, we must endeavour to supply by economy and frugality. Though we may have no profusion, my dear father, we shall have enough—and with contentment, and Emily for my adviser and companion, I shall, I trust, live a life of felicity, for which kings might envy me !”

“ Love and a cottage, Edward”—said his father, sneeringly —“ who would have thought this, a little time ago, of you ! — But, since you seem to have made up your mind so completely upon this subject, and to be so far gone in the delirium of passion, (which from you, of all people, I should least have expected) to dissuade you from it, I suppose, would be utterly useless.—Pray, is the girl herself apprised of this infatuation ?”

“ Why not call her Emily, as you have



“ever been accustomed to do, Sir?”—said Edward, evidently hurt at the manner in which Sir William had pronounced the word *girl*!—“Ah! my dear father, suffer not the prejudices of an illiberal world, to make you unjust, to an object, who has, hitherto, I know, been high in your estimation.—Let me only ask you one question. Had the birth and fortune of Emily been upon an equality with my own, would you then have thought it necessary to oppose our union?”

Sir William readily made answer, that, “he had no fault to find with Emily; whom, as he said before, he considered as a worthy young woman. And, was she but upon a par with you,” added he, “in either of the points we have mentioned, I do not know any one, whom I would sooner receive as a daughter. But circumstances, Edward, make a vast difference. As she is now situated, I consider the match, on your

“part, as highly imprudent:—and think  
“my son might act wiser, than thus to  
“ally himself with a young creature,  
“whose only recommendations are a  
“pretty face, and, I allow, an amiable  
“simplicity of manners: but, who is so  
“totally deficient in that essential article  
“—money.—An article, my dear Ed-  
“ward, which should be considered as  
“an indispensable requisite, accompany-  
“ing the woman, you determine to make  
“your wife.”

“Fortune alone, Sir,” answered Ed-  
ward, mournfully, “could never make  
“me happy. Was I to give up Emily,  
“and could so far do violence to my own  
“inclination, and my own ideas of right,  
“as to marry a woman for her money,  
“how should I be benefitted by it?—  
“I might, perhaps, support a larger, or  
“more elegant establishment;—I might,  
“possibly, pass my days in greater splen-  
“dour:—But, would this be happiness?—  
“Not to me!—My ideas are, happily,

“ more suited to my fortune. To me,  
“ such a life would offer nothing but  
“ splendid misery !—And, I should de-  
“ serve to be wretched !—O, Sir ! without  
“ your consent I will not give my hand  
“ to Emily—to a woman you disapprove  
“ —though my affection will remain un-  
“ shaken, and will end but with my life.  
“ But, to marry for money !—The idea  
“ is insupportable !—No, Sir ;—I here, in  
“ compliance with your wish, resolve  
“ not to pursue this matter any further,  
“ (though Heaven knows how much the  
“ compliance will cost me !) but never  
“ more shall I think of marriage ; but  
“ pass my life, according to my former  
“ plan, in pursuit of that felicity, which  
“ may be found in a life of charitable  
“ usefulness — though unblest by the  
“ smiles and approbation of her, who  
“ now alone can render life desir-  
“ able !”

“ My dear Edward,” said his father,

with evident emotion, “ my first wish is  
“ to see my children happy.—You are  
“ the best judge of what will make you  
“ so:—I will, therefore, no longer inter-  
“ fere in this scheme of felicity, which  
“ you have chalked out for yourself.—  
“ And, though it certainly would have  
“ been more to my satisfaction, had you  
“ selected any young woman, whose birth  
“ and fortune were equal to your own;  
“ yet, I will no longer withhold my con-  
“ sent to your marrying this adored ob-  
“ ject—and, I sincerely hope, my dear  
“ Edward, that in your union with  
“ Emily, you will find that felicity,  
“ which your father, in his matrimonial  
“ connexion, so unhappily failed to  
“ attain.”

Here Sir William paused—overcome by the recollection of past events. Whilst Edward endeavoured to articulate, and to thank him for his consent, so kindly accorded:—but his emotion was

too powerful for utterance. He, however, silently pressed the hand of his father—and, with a look which spoke forcibly the feelings of his heart; and which his father perfectly understood; he almost immediately left the room—and wandering towards the Park, sat himself down upon one of the seats, of which there were many scattered about:—where it was some time before he was sufficiently collected, to be clearly sensible of the happiness which appeared to await him, in an union with his beloved Emily.

He now resolved to seize the earliest opportunity of disclosing to Emily the ardent affection with which she had inspired him—and flattered himself that his addresses would not be received with indifference. He then planned a thousand schemes of happiness, with Emily for his friend and companion; and, if the remembrance of his mother crossed his mind, and for a moment damped his pleasureable anticipations, he had but to

reflect how totally unlike, in every respect, was that mother to the amiable object of his affections, to be again alive to the happy prospect, which lay before him.

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## CHAP. II.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see  
 Of negligence and weak credulity.  
 Who spoke in parables, I dare not say ;  
 But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,  
 Sound sense by plain example to convey.

DRYDEN.

**T**HOUGH an alliance with a poor, unportioned, friendless girl like Emily, did not at all accord with the views of Sir William for his eldest son, the successor to his estates and title, yet he no sooner came to reflect seriously upon the subject, than he felt happy to have sanctioned by his consent the wishes of Edward. To have him married at all, was a point gained:—for he had, hitherto, expressed so decided an inclination for a life of celibacy,

that he had long given up the idea of ever seeing him enter the marriage state. Emily, too, he was ready to allow, seemed exactly formed to make him happy—and, except in the very essential articles of birth and fortune, was just the kind of young woman, he would, himself, have chosen for one of his sons. Reflecting, therefore, how seldom any event turns out exactly as we could wish; and remembering, how unfortunately his own brilliant prospects, at first setting out in life, had terminated; he endeavoured to check all ambitious wishes of seeing his son great, and to look forward, in the more pleasing anticipation, of seeing him happy.

Edward, in the mean time, had anxiously sought for a convenient opportunity to speak apart with Emily: but some friends calling in to tea with them, who lived in the vicinity of Melbury, she was so engaged during the whole evening, that he could not obtain the oppor-

tunity so desired; and was compelled to defer addressing her upon this momentous subject until the following day.

One of the party was Mr. Westbury, the gentleman, whom it may be remembered, had informed them, when they were last at Melbury, of the elopement of a young lady in the neighbourhood, with her father's footman—and Olivia now took occasion to ask—"whether she had, since that act of imprudence, ever been heard of?"

"O yes;"—replied Mr. Westbury—"and a shocking business she has made of it, poor creature!—I believe, I told you they were married?"

"Yes;—you said they were married immediately upon leaving her father's house."

"Ah! it was a terrible day's work for her! but she was old enough to know better. It will be the death of her, for she is now far gone in a consumption."

“ How was it then ? ” enquired Olivia—  
“ She repented her rash conduct, I suppose, afterwards, when it was too late ? ”  
“ Yes ;—she had sufficient cause for  
“ repentance, poor creature ! ” — replied  
Mr. Westbury—“ but I forget you know  
“ nothing about it.—At first, Sir Gregory was so much incensed at her imprudent conduct, that he refused to see  
“ her, or to do any thing for them :  
“ which was so great a disappointment  
“ to her husband, who, no doubt, fancied, that, at least, Sir Gregory would  
“ allow them a handsome income, that  
“ he began to treat her very roughly, and  
“ use her very ill. She, poor foolish creature ! had hitherto experienced nothing  
“ but kindness and attention from her  
“ parents—whom she had thus thoughtlessly deserted—and was almost brokenhearted at the treatment which she met  
“ with. Yet what other could she expect ?—At last, Sir Gregory agreed to  
“ allow them a small income ; but could

“ never be prevailed on to see, either his  
“ daughter, or the husband she had  
“ chosen ; nor would he suffer any one  
“ of the family to have any connection  
“ with them whatever.”

“ That was severe too, I think,” said  
Olivia. — “ They should have forgiven  
“ her after a time.”

“ They have done so now, Madam,”  
said Mr. Westbury ; “ it is about a week  
“ since, I believe, that she returned to  
“ her own home. About a month ago,  
“ when I happened to be in London, I  
“ one morning chanced to be riding on  
“ the Uxbridge road, at a short distance  
“ only from town ; when I observed a  
“ young woman, meanly attired, in the  
“ path by the road side, with a pot of  
“ beer in her hand. I imagined her to  
“ be the servant belonging to a public  
“ house hard by, but perceiving that she  
“ wept, I fancied she might be ill, and  
“ riding close up to the side of the path,  
“ I asked her, what was the matter with



“ her? or, whether I could afford her any  
“ assistance?

“ Upon hearing me speak, she turned  
“ round suddenly.—And you may, per-  
“ haps, form some idea of my astonish-  
“ ment, when I recognised in the poor,  
“ forlorn creature before me—her—whom  
“ I had taken for a menial servant, your  
“ old playfellow Susan, the daughter of  
“ Sir Gregory!

“ She knew me likewise. And her sur-  
“ prise was in no degree inferior to my  
“ own:—for dropping the pewter mug I  
“ had seen her carrying, and spilling its  
“ contents upon the ground, she would,  
“ herself, from the confusion of the mo-  
“ ment, have sunk upon the earth, had  
“ she not supported herself by some rail-  
“ ing, which stood, opportunely, on one  
“ side of the path.

“ She, however, shortly recovered her  
“ self-possession; and, in answer to my  
“ enquiries, said—“ That she lived in  
“ that neighbourhood :”—and then, after



“ some hesitation, proceeded to inform me  
“ — (glad, I have no doubt, to meet once  
“ more with the face of an old friend)  
“ that she was the most wretched creature  
“ that ever lived upon the face of the earth !  
“ Her husband,” she said, whilst a faint  
blush crossed her cheek, “ had, she be-  
“ lieved, on purpose to mortify her, taken  
“ a public-house with the money her fa-  
“ ther had sent them ; and had compelled  
“ her to perform the most menial offices  
“ — even to carrying out the beer to ma-  
“ ny of the families in the neighbour-  
“ hood. This, she, at first, determined to  
“ to resist ; — (poor girl ! well she might,  
“ brouht up as she has been) but he was  
“ resolutely bent on forcing her compli-  
“ ance : from threats he proceeded to  
“ blows : and she was, at length, compell-  
“ ed, though almost broken-hearted at the  
“ degradation, to submit to do, whatever  
“ he chose to command.

“ To be sure, I have no right to com-  
“ plain,” continued she, weeping bitterly  
“ — for what else could I expect from a

“ man in his condition of life?—Yet, I  
“ was in hopes my father would relent !  
“ —had he done so, perhaps, I should  
“ have been used less cruelly.—But I am  
“ justly punished for my imprudence!—  
“ Yet, could my parents see me now—they  
“ must, at least, own, that I have in some  
“ degree expiated my errors—for the life  
“ I have endured for the last month, has  
“ been so full of misery and wretch-  
“ edness, that, I trust, another such,  
“ would effectually relieve me from the  
“ burthen of existence.”

“ From her appearance, indeed, this  
“ was but too probable ; for she had lost  
“ all her colour, and was grown so thin,  
“ that she was the mere shadow only  
“ of the once blooming Susan Price.—  
“ She strongly awakened my pity ; and I  
“ endeavoured to comfort her, (consider-  
“ ing, that though her conduct had been  
“ faulty, her penance had been severe)  
“ by saying—That I would do all in my  
“ power to conciliate her parents, and try  
“ if I could not prevail upon them, to

“ extricate her, if possible, from her present situation.

“ She thanked me with the warmest fervour of gratitude, for thus interesting myself in her favour ; but was so much overcome by the accents of kindness, to which, as she said, she had so long been a stranger, that she could scarcely support herself.

“ From motives of delicacy, wishing to spare her feelings, I did not accompany her home—(which was a wretched place, as I saw, on passing it just afterwards)—nor, indeed, did I wish to meet with the brute, her husband. From her account, he is a perfect savage. What he could propose to himself by marrying her, I cannot think ! unless he imagined that Sir Gregory would settle something handsome upon them. That must have been his inducement. And so finding himself disappointed in his expectations, he wreaked his vengeance upon his poor imprudent wife.

“ I staid with her, however, until she  
“ was somewhat more composed ; and  
“ then bade her farewell ; telling her to  
“ be of good cheer, for, that I had no  
“ doubt, but her parents, on being right-  
“ ly informed of her situation, would en-  
“ deavour, in some way or other, to  
“ rescue her from a fate so deplorable.  
“ She again thanked me, for my interfer-  
“ ence ; but, shaking her head mourn-  
“ fully, said—“ That she despaired of in-  
“ teresting their pity, or of obtaining  
“ their forgiveness.” I, however, encou-  
“ raged her to hope ; and, telling her,  
“ that she might rely upon either hear-  
“ ing from me, or seeing me again soon,  
“ I bade her farewell ; with the deepest  
“ commiseration for the unhappy state,  
“ into which, she had thus brought her-  
“ self, by her own imprudent conduct.

“ Immediately upon my return into  
“ Sussex, I informed Sir Gregory of the  
“ distressed situation of his daughter.  
“ At which, he appeared much shocked ;

“and said—“That if such was really  
“the case, he would take her home  
“again, if she thought proper to give up  
“her husband; but with him, he was  
“resolutely determined, never to have  
“any association.”

“I thought very little doubt was to  
“be entertained upon this head; for,  
“she would be glad enough to escape  
“from the life of wretchedness, she had  
“so pathetically depicted. But when  
“the proposal was made, the worthless  
“fellow refused to part with her, unless  
“Sir Gregory would consent to purchase  
“his acquiescence, by paying down a  
“certain sum, which the insolent wretch  
“himself named.

“This, Sir Gregory, who could not  
“bear the idea of throwing his money  
“away upon such a worthless rascal,  
“and, of being dictated to, with so  
“much insolence, by a man he hated,  
“instantly refused to do. But, at length,



“ some person of respectability, who lived  
“ very near the place where his daughter  
“ dwelt, wrote to him, to say—that if  
“ he wished to save the life of his child,  
“ he would lose no time in rescuing her  
“ from her present deplorable state; or  
“ he feared she would, ere long, fall a  
“ victim to the cruelty and brutality of  
“ her husband, who, at times, beat her  
“ unmercifully.

“ Sir Gregory now no longer hesitated.  
“ The money was paid down, though  
“ very reluctantly—and poor Susan was  
“ once more permitted to return home:  
“ —but so altered! so changed! that  
“ even her parents scarcely knew her.  
“ Her spirits were subdued; her heart  
“ almost broken; and the variety of emo-  
“ tions which assailed her, on entering  
“ her father’s house, so completely over-  
“ came her, that she sank upon the  
“ threshold in a state of insensibility,  
“ which lasted so long, that those around



“ her began to fear, she would never more  
“ recover.

“ A Physician was immediately sent  
“ for ; who soon effected her restoration  
“ from this apparent sleep of death : —  
“ but he gives them no hopes of her.  
“ She is, he says, decidedly, a marked  
“ victim for the grave, far gone in that  
“ most fatal of all diseases, a galloping  
“ consumption. Nor is it to be wondered  
“ at. Unable to bear up under the ill  
“ usage of a man, for whom, she had  
“ forsaken her home, her family, and I  
“ may say her every comfort, she sank  
“ under the weight of evil which she  
“ had the additional misery of knowing,  
“ was solely the effect of her own im-  
“ prudent conduct. And, even now,  
“ though released from the enthrallment,  
“ and degradation, to which she has so  
“ long been compelled to submit ; and  
“ treated by her friends with the utmost  
“ kindness and attention ; yet, she lives

“ in a continual state of dread, from the  
“ fear of being claimed by her worthless  
“ husband ; who has been heard repeat-  
“ edly to declare,—that, unless Sir Gre-  
“ gory agrees to comply with every de-  
“ mand for money he chooses to make, he  
“ will have his wife back again, purely  
“ from motives of revenge ; and threatens  
“ her father with the utmost insolence,  
“ if he makes any attempt to detain  
“ her.”

“ The law, I find, is so far in his favor,  
“ that her father has no power to resist  
“ the demand, if he chooses to exert the  
“ prerogative of a husband — unless she  
“ has a mind to swear the peace against  
“ him. This keeps her in a continual  
“ agitation, and flutter of spirits, which  
“ will, in all probability, expedite her  
“ passage to the grave. Instead of find-  
“ ing the repose, which is so necessary  
“ in her present weak and fragile state,  
“ she is in momentary expectation, that

“ he will put his threats into execution,  
“ and demand her of her father. But  
“ her anxiety will speedily release her  
“ from every woe: for the Physician  
“ says, her disorder has encreased so ra-  
“ pidly, (no doubt from the restless agi-  
“ tation of her mind) that another month  
“ will, in all probability, terminate her  
“ career on earth.”

“ Alas!” said Miss Maitland, when he had  
done speaking—“ what a wreck has this  
“ unfortunate young woman made of her  
“ own happiness, and, I might add, that  
“ of her parents. I do not wonder that  
“ the recollection of her imprudence, and  
“ the degrading circumstances to which  
“ she has been compelled to submit,  
“ (brought up and educated as she has  
“ been,) should have had so fatal an effect  
“ upon her, as to precipitate her to an early  
“ grave. When she reflects on the once  
“ brilliant prospect which lay before her ;  
“ upon the happiness she might have en-

“joyed ; with the misery she has entailed  
“upon herself and family ; bitter, in-  
“deed, must be her remorse for the im-  
“prudent part she has acted. Poor  
“Susan ! I have known her from a child !  
“—Ah ! who would have thought, at  
“an early period of her life, that such  
“would be the melancholy termination  
“of it : or, that, brought up in elegance  
“and respectability as she has been, she  
“would so far have descended, as to be-  
“stow even a thought upon a man so  
“vastly her inferior.”

“I do not think she had a right to ex-  
“pect any better treatment from the  
“fellow ;” observed Henry.—“Of course,  
“he married her to better himself. She  
“was the first proposer of the match, I  
“make no doubt : and, as Sir Gregory  
“refused to do any thing for them, what  
“was the fellow to do ?—He was saddled  
“with a lady wife, who must have been  
“the devil of an incumbrance upon him :

“ —I think it was natural that he should  
“ be deucedly disappointed!”

“ He might have conducted himself  
“ with the feelings of a man, Henry,”  
cried Edward, warmly. — “ Though he  
“ was disappointed, he need not have  
“ treated her like a brute!”

“ Poor Susan!” said Emily, mourn-  
fully — “ Death will be to her, I should  
“ think, a blessing!”

“ She is of your opinion, Miss Dora-  
“ ton,” returned Mr. Westbury — “ for  
“ I understand, she never expresses the  
“ least desire to live.”

“ What a lesson would her story hold  
“ forth,” observed Miss Maitland, “ to  
“ all those imprudent, thoughtless young  
“ women, who may be inclined to leave  
“ a home, where they have been carefully  
“ reared, and tenderly treated, for the  
“ protection of some designing, or, as in  
“ this case, low-bred man, whose only  
“ aim is to better himself at their expence.



“ If disappointment should succeed, and  
“ they find nothing is to be gained by  
“ matching with a person so much out  
“ of their own sphere, it is a great chance  
“ but the woman gets ill used. She is  
“ ill-suited by her birth and education,  
“ (which ought to have taught her better)  
“ for the performance of any menial of-  
“ fices ; and the man is soon brought, as  
“ Henry observed, to consider her as an  
“ incumbrance ; and to treat her unkind-  
“ ly, at least, if nothing worse. There  
“ never was, I should think, a single in-  
“ stance, where such an unequal alliance  
“ turned out happily : it is almost im-  
“ possible it should do so.”

After some further conversation upon the same subject, the company arose to depart. But it was at too late an hour when they did so, for Edward to have an opportunity of addressing Emily that night. He resolved, however, that another day should not pass over, without



disclosing to her his affection, and laid his head upon his pillow with the fondest hope, that it would not be received with indifference.

## CHAP. III.

Bright o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,  
 The woodlark's song resounded on the plain ;  
 Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,  
 And smiled through all her animated reign.

LANGHORNE.

EMILY, in the mean time, had been a watchful observer of the conduct of Edward, and from the whole of his behaviour, since their arrival at Melbury, had frequently given way to the suggestions of hope, that he was not indifferent to her. Yet, she knew not how to encourage these pleasing expectations, inconsistent as they were with the general opinion of the family, and his own repeated declarations, that it was never his

intention to marry. Olivia, however, had been equally observant of the change in Edward's conduct; and of the lover-like attentions which he now constantly paid to her friend; and, entertaining no doubt of his attachment, was continually rallying Emily upon the subject—which, in some degree, prepared her to expect the pleasurable avowal which he meditated.

Yet, even, if it really was so; if she was so fortunate as to have gained the affections of her beloved Edward; would Sir William receive her for his daughter?—Ah no! her fears represented how improbable it was, that he should ever consent to such a match for his son, the heir to his estates and title; for whom, she knew, from having heard him say so, that he entertained much higher views.

Frequently had she heard him express a wish, that Edward might be attracted by the superior beauty and merit of Lady Mary Windham, as such an alliance,

would be exactly the kind of one he should approve of. Whilst his wishes, therefore, pointed to the daughter of a Duke, was it reasonable to expect that he would willingly receive in her stead, a poor, unportioned girl, like herself? who could not even trace out her own origin, or knew to whom she was indebted for existence. Ah no! she felt that it was not for her to encourage a hope so pleasing. For, having long studied the character of Edward, she was certain, that unless the consent of his father was first obtained, he would never give his hand to any woman. Nor, indeed, under such circumstances, would she, herself, have wished to receive it.

On this evening in particular, he had displayed even more interest and attention towards her than usual—and she no longer doubted, but, that the ardent affection, which she had suffered herself to entertain for him, at length, met with a return.

The joy of this conviction was excessive. And, for a moment, she yielded to the pleasurable sensations which it was calculated to convey.—But, it was soon damped by the recollection, that she could never be received into his family, unallied as she was; and her mind was so harassed between the opposite, and ever-varying feelings of hope and despair, that she scarcely closed her eyes during the whole night.

At length, however, towards morning, she fell asleep. But, had not long enjoyed the blessing of forgetfulness, when the sun shining brightly in at her chamber window, again awakened her; arousing her from a pleasing vision, where Fancy had represented her as about to be united to her beloved Edward.

Unable again to court the bands of sleep, she left her bed, and dressing herself, determined to leave her chamber and take an early walk: hoping the fresh morning air would have a beneficial

effect, towards eradicating a kind of feverish restlessness, which still hung about her.

Having the day before finished some cloathing which she had been making for the children of a poor cottager, at the extremity of the park, she resolved to bend her steps that way, that she might herself, see, whether they fitted the objects, for whom they were designed.—She, therefore, collected the various articles, and having tied them up carefully, proceeded into the park.

It was yet early morning—and the freshness of the air so much revived her, that her spirits seemed newly animated; and before she had gone many paces, very little of the languor, which had been so oppressive at her first setting out, could now be discovered upon her countenance. The brilliant beams which had awakened her, were now fast dispelling the dewy mists which hung over the meadows and corn-fields; and, as they



gradually receded, a wide stretch of landscape opened to her view. Groves, meadows, and villages, now presented themselves in the distance, beyond the boundary of the park ; whilst the prospect received additional splendour, from the burnished gilding, reflected from the rising sun. The birds warbled in the branches, or twittered in the path before her ; whilst the deer bounded sportively across the lawn, scattering the dew-drops, which sparkled upon the grass, and upon the bushes, like so many brilliant gems. Now and then a leveret darted from beneath the underwood, and timidly retiring, seemed to upbraid her, for thus invading her solitary haunts. No human being appeared to be stirring, except herself : and, as she drew near the cottage, she began to entertain some doubt, whether any of its inhabitants would yet be visible. No smoke was to be seen issuing from the chimney ; and, judging from this circumstance, that none of the

cottager's family were yet up, she sat herself down in a little porch at the door of this rustic abode, until such time as some of them should make their appearance.

A honey-suckle, which entwined itself across the top of the seat she had chosen, forming a sort of bower, yielded a delicious fragrance ; and perfumed the air with its delightful essence, as it blew freshly over her face. All was cool ; silent ; and solitary !—no sound whatever disturbed the general repose of Nature. — She thought of Edward. — Alas ! he could never be any thing to her !—why then did she harass herself by dwelling so continually on his loved idea ?—Yet, surely, there was no harm in being sensible of his uncommon merit, though she never could become his wife.—To be loved by him, too—and yet to feel assured that there existed so many obstacles to their union, was an aggravation of the many unpleasant and distressing feelings which

oppressed her, and, subdued by many a fond recollection, she could no longer restrain her tears.

Alone, and unobserved, she gave free vent to the depression of the moment, and wept for some time without ceasing:—until a rustling within the cottage, which announced the family to be moving, recalled her to recollection; and hastily quitting her seat, she walked to a short distance, endeavouring to subdue her emotion, and to obliterate the traces of her tears.

She now, too, for the first time recollected, that her appearance at this early hour, would, at all events, surprise, if not alarm the cottager; and not feeling herself in spirits to answer any enquiries she might make, she resolved to take a short walk farther. By this means, she would not only delay the time, but, likewise, be better enabled to recover her composure; and to assume an appearance of cheerfulness, such as she wished

to wear before these poor objects of her bounty.

In pursuance of this resolution, she took in her hand the bundle, which she had brought with her, and turned quickly into another path, which led to a different part of the park. She soon lost sight of the cottage. Then slackening her pace, she sauntered along in musing melancholy, until her attention was arrested by a man, whom she perceived descending a hill at some distance, and whom it struck her instantly bore a resemblance to him, who now solely occupied her thoughts. A few moments served to convince her, that it was indeed Edward: — and, not wishing to meet him, disordered as she now was, with the traces of tears upon her cheeks, at this early hour, too; she instinctively turned round; and quickly retracing her steps, came, once more, within sight of the cottage; which she now, without any more hesitation, entered.

“ Heigh ! la ! Miss,” — exclaimed Dame Hopkins, as she crossed the threshold — “ who would have thought of “ seeing you out so early ! — Why, maister “ is but just gone out a-field. — But, “ do’ee sit down Miss, pray — Here, “ Sukey, why do’ont thee fetch Miss a “ chair ? — Why, you be’est an early riser “ indeed Miss ! — and, I am quite ashamed “ on’t to think as I was not up “ sooner myself.”

Emily gladly accepted the offered seat ; and said something about the fineness of the morning having tempted her abroad — and then proceeded to display the contents of the bundle she had brought with her.

The children crowded eagerly around her ; until they were reprovèd by their mother, who desired them not to be troublesome, but to keep at a distance. — They very unwillingly complied. But Emily called to one of them, a little rosy creature, about three years of age, and



said—"she wished to see whether the  
"various articles of apparel she had been  
"making for the child, fitted her now  
"they were done."

The little creature skipped gaily forward, pleased to be attired in her new habiliments; and whilst this office was performing, her innocent prattle, and artless expressions of joy, afforded so much amusement to Emily, that her sorrow insensibly subsided; and she partook, in some degree, of the happiness, which her visit and her presents had imparted, to every inhabitant of this humble abode.

"I hope you have not forgot the  
"hymn, you repeated to me, the last  
"time I was here?"—enquired Emily, after the business of dressing and undressing was over.

"O, no! that she has not;"—replied the mother—"for she said it all through  
"to Mr. Edward, only the day before  
"yesterday."



“ Mr. Edward Maitland, do you mean?”—enquired Emily, quickly.

“ Yes, Miss. — I mean our young Squire here at the park—and, do you know, begging your pardon, I can somehow almost take you for one-another.—Not that you are at all like him in the face—only he speaks just as kindly as you do. Come here, Becky; and let Miss hear you say the hymn all through.”

Becky advanced;—and went through the evening hymn of Watts’s without missing a word.

“ That is a good girl;”—said Emily—“ and you say your prayers, too, every day, I hope?”

“ Yes; that they do:”—said the mother. “ But there again, how like that is to Mr. Edward.”

“ Does he visit you often, then?”—asked Emily.

“ O, yes; Miss, very often. For he is as charitable as you are.—O! you

“ puts me so much in mind of him—  
“ just now, too, particularly, when you  
“ asked Becky about saying her prayers,  
“ (Becky is his favorite, you must know)  
“ I could almost fancy it had been him,  
“ himself.”

Emily looked at the little girl of whom she spoke; and thought there was something peculiarly interesting in her countenance. She had never noticed it before:—but now, she wondered how it had escaped her. Calling the child to her, she placed her upon her lap, whilst she listened attentively to the praises, which Dame Hopkins seemed never weary of bestowing, on her beloved Edward.

The good woman expatiated upon his kindness,—his affability, —so like her own. “ How he would sit down, for all  
“ the world like herself, and ask her all  
“ about her maister, and the little ones  
“ —aye, and be not ashamed to nurse ’em  
“ too; for,” continued the delighted mo-

ther, "he generally has Becky upon his  
"lap all the time he is with us."

"I know he is fond of children,"  
said Emily, "and your little girl here  
"is so artless and engaging, that——."

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for in-  
"terrupting you; but, dear heart! what  
"a mortal difference there be'es be-  
"twixt the two brothers!"

"A difference indeed!"—thought Emi-  
ly.—"Mr. Henry pays you a visit some-  
"times, then, does he?"—enquired she.

"O, no! Miss; never of his own ac-  
"cord. Only now, as he's married to  
"Miss Olivia, as was, who every body  
"took for your sister, he comed here  
"one day with her, though I believe  
"mortally against his will. It was just  
"after they were married; before you  
"and the family comed down. But,  
"dear heart! how proud he seemed!—  
"he never once spoke to any of the  
"children. Miss Olivia, as was, comed

“ in, as good-natured and affable-like  
“ as she used to do : but, he would not  
“ let her sit down, though I wished her  
“ joy with him, I’m sure, over and over  
“ again. But he never paid no atten-  
“ tion, but went out a-door, and began  
“ a-singing ; and kept fidgetting and  
“ fidgetting-like, and wanting to know  
“ if she was coming, until he got her  
“ away. Dear heart ! now, it is very  
“ odd Miss should choose him for a hus-  
“ band, instead of Mr. Edward, who is  
“ so kind-hearted, and so charitable !—  
“ and, for the matter of that, so are  
“ all the family ; never no pride about  
“ ’em. I do’ont know who this gentle-  
“ man can take after, without it is my  
“ Lady, his mother ; for she, I’ve heard  
“ my maister say, was very different to  
“ all the rest. I hope Miss Olivia, as  
“ was, will be happy !—but if I had been  
“ in her place, I would have choosed Mr.  
“ Edward for my husband — wouldn’t  
“ you, Miss ?”

“ People think differently upon these subjects, you know, Mrs. Hopkins—  
“ Mr. Edward is ——”

A tap at the window close behind her, interrupted Emily, and made her start.

“ Here he is, himself, I declare !—” exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins—“ well ! that’s  
“ droll enough, just as we was talking  
“ about him.”

Edward entered.

“ How are you, dame ?”—enquired he, not at first observing Emily, who was seated behind the door—“ How are you,  
“ and the young ones ?”

“ Pure and hearty, thank’ee, Sir—but,  
“ do’ee sit down ; we were just talking  
“ about you.”

“ Where is Becky ?”—enquired he—“ I  
“ do not see her amongst you.”

“ Lord love ye ! Sir—there she is,  
“ cuddling Miss Doraton, just behind  
“ the door there.”

“ Miss Doraton !”—exclaimed he, now



first perceiving her—“ this is indeed an  
“ unexpected pleasure ! — Little did I  
“ think of having the happiness of meet-  
“ you out thus early ! ”

Emily strove to appear unembarrassed, and to answer him without confusion, for his unexpected appearance had caused her no slight degree of agitation. She was, however, in some degree successful ; though the loquacity of the dame kept her in momentary fear, lest she should inform him of the subject of their discourse, prior to his entrance.

A glow of pleasure, however, diffused itself over her countenance, at the warmth of his expressions, on their unexpected meeting ; and she was soon enabled to converse with a degree of ease and cheerfulness, which she had, at first, despaired of attaining. The beauty of the morning furnished an ample topic of discourse ; and the time flew so rapidly, that when the clock from the mansion sounded the



hour of eight, both Edward and Emily declared their astonishment at its being so late.

Dame Hopkins pressed them warmly to partake of her humble repast ; which offer each party would have had no objection to accept, had they not feared making the family uneasy, by absenting themselves from the breakfast table. Emily, therefore, arose immediately to depart, and Edward offered himself as her companion. To object to his company would have been impossible, as they were both going straight home, and they, therefore, soon afterwards quitted the cottage together.

Here was the opportunity, which Edward had so vainly endeavoured to meet with the day before. Nor did he suffer it to pass without availing himself of it. With the timidity ever inseparable from real affection, he made a disclosure of the ardent love he had long entertained for her ; informing her, at the same

time, of his motive for hitherto concealing it; and ended, by soliciting her to become his wife.

Though, in some degree, prepared for this avowal, by the whole of his conduct since their arrival at Melbury, yet she was nearly overcome by the variety of emotions which assailed her. With faltering accents she said something, though he could scarcely make out what, about the consent of his father. He informed her, that, was already obtained. That it was with his free consent, he now addressed her.

To paint the feelings which now agitated the bosom of Emily, would be impossible:—I shall, therefore, leave it to the imagination of the reader. That she should possess the affections of a young man like Edward, so long esteemed! so ardently beloved! — that he should seek to make her his wife—and that, too, with the free consent of his father—was a happiness so un hoped for! so unex-

pected ! that she could scarcely believe it to be any other than a visionary day-dream of her own distempered fancy.

Long before she reached home, however, she was made fully sensible of the extatic reality ; and disdaining the affectation of disguising her sentiments, whilst her heart was throbbing with delight, she acknowledged a reciprocal affection ; and a happier pair could scarcely be imagined than was Edward and Emily, when they entered the breakfast parlour.

The family were seated round the breakfast table, evidently awaiting their appearance, and Olivia instantly exclaimed—" So, here you are at last !—Where, " in the name of wonder have you been ? " — Why you both look as blooming this " morning, as if you were painted. — " Why did you not call me, Emily ? I " would have gone with you."

" Would you ?—I wish I had been apprised of such an inclination ; I wanted " a companion very much."

“Aye, indeed!” — returned Olivia, archly — “well, now, I should not have supposed that. Why, I am afraid brother Edward, you have not made yourself agreeable.”

Edward and Emily looked at each other, and smiled, whilst a conscious blush crimsoned the cheeks of Emily. — “I went out alone, Olivia,” said she, “and ——”

“You happened, luckily, to meet with Edward,” interrupted Olivia — “well, that was very fortunate, I must own — and so you would rather have had me for a companion, would you? — Pray, in what part of the Park did you so opportunely chance to meet?”

“Come, come,” cried Henry sharply, “a truce with this idle chatter; do, for Heaven’s sake let us have our breakfasts; we have waited for them long enough, I am sure!”

Emily, as usual, presided at the breakfast table; but her ideas were so bewildered by the recent avowal of Edward,

that this morning she was quite incapacitated for the task. Sir William returned his cup for some more sugar ; and Henry declared, she had sweetened his in such an out-of-the-way manner, he could not drink it. Emily was much confused at these mistakes ; and Miss Maitland immediately said — “ You are fatigued, my dear : shall I, or Olivia, take the trouble off your hands ? ”

“ It was very stupid of me not to do it, at first ; ” said Olivia. “ Come, Madam Emily, relinquish your post.”

A violent exclamation from Henry, that he should be scalded to death, if some one did not stop the urn from pouring out such a deluge of boiling water, made Olivia jump hastily back ; and the whole party were as quickly retreating ; when Edward stepped forward, and put an end to their danger and dismay, by turning the cock of the urn, which Emily, in her agitation, had unluckily, omitted to do. This, however, was not effected, un-



til the tea-tray was completely overflowed ; so that it was necessary to call in the aid of the servants. Other tea-things were, however, brought in, and tranquillity once more restored : but the disaster, owing entirely to her carelessness and inattention, so completely disconcerted Emily, that she gladly resigned the office to Olivia : who perceiving the embarrassment of her friend, immediately discontinued her playful raillery, fearing to distress her further.

Henry had been the only sufferer upon this occasion ; and he but very slightly : but it rendered him so ill-tempered and disagreeable, during the remainder of their repast, that Emily was heartily rejoiced when it was over, and they were at liberty to separate.

Olivia advised him to go into the kitchen, and hold his hand to the fire.

“ Did she wish to torture him ? ” was the pettish reply.—“ He would not do “ any such thing.”



“It is a certain cure;—said Olivia.”

“All stuff!” replied he—“I won’t believe it.”

“I speak from experience, my dear Henry,” resumed his wife: “for I have frequently found it attended with beneficial effects, when I have happened to burn or scald myself slightly.”

“Nonsense!” cried he, “I know it’s no such thing! I tried it myself, once, at the recommendation of some simpleton or other, and it increased the pain to a violent degree, and did me no good at all. It is all a parcel of stuff!—a mere old woman’s saying!”

“You did not persevere then, I am afraid,” said Olivia; “and it requires a great degree of fortitude to bear the first increase of pain, without snatching one’s hand away. But, indeed, my dear, I would advise you to try it:—I know it would, eventually, relieve you from all inconvenience arising from the burn.”

“ I shan’t, I tell you ;—so don’t pester “ me any more :” said he, in an authoritative, commanding tone of voice, and turning upon his heel, immediately quitted the apartment.

Olivia was astonished !—This was the first time he had so conducted himself :—and she, now, endeavoured, in her own mind to find an excuse for it, by attributing it to the irritation arising from pain :—though, at the same time, she could not help thinking, that he made a sad rout, about what appeared to her, as a very trivial affair. She remembered to have heard, however, that men, in general, were less patient under the inflictions of pain, than were the women ; and she, therefore, supposed that her husband was not singular in giving way to the ill-humour of the moment, upon such an occasion.

Emily, in the mean time, had gladly made her escape from the breakfast parlour, where her inattention had been the

means of causing so much confusion; and having walked for a short time in the shrubbery, in order to recover her composure, again returned to the house, with the intention of seeking out Miss Maitland, to disclose to her the happy tidings, which imparted to her own bosom such extatic feelings of delight.

She was told she was in her dressing-room; and thither she immediately hastened.

Except in the single instance of her partiality to Edward, which she thought delicacy obliged her to conceal, whilst so hopelessly despairing of a return, she had scarcely a thought, or a wish, unknown to her Benefactress. Now, therefore, when this motive no longer existed, and all necessity for concealment was at an end, she seized the very first opportunity of making her acquainted with the whole affair; and of disclosing this long cherished secret, which, hitherto,

had been so cautiously guarded, even from her more than mother.

Miss Maitland had been informed by Sir William, that such was the intention of Edward, and her joy at receiving a confirmation from Emily of the happy intelligence, was little inferior to that of Emily herself. Had she really been her own daughter, she could not have loved her better, or had her interest more fondly at heart; and an alliance with Edward, so perfectly accorded with her own views for her, and had so long been, secretly, the first desire of her heart; that she seemed no longer to have even a wish ungratified. She pressed her fondly to her bosom, and warmly congratulated her on the happy prospect, which lay before her, in an union with a young man of Edward's character and disposition. "You are highly fortunate, my dear girl!" added she—"nor is Edward less so:—for though there are

“few Edward’s, I am afraid; yet, how  
“few young women can be found, who  
“at all bear a comparison with my dear  
“Emily.”

Emily’s eyes glistened at this eulogium from a person so deservedly dear to her—but, she said nothing—her heart was too full for utterance.

“There is one thing though,” resumed Miss Maitland, “that my dear Emily is  
“very deficient in—the art of keeping a  
“secret. For you so ill concealed your  
“partiality for Edward, that I discovered  
“it long ago; and was half inclined to  
“speak to you upon the subject; but,  
“that I feared to distress you, by appear-  
“ing to notice, what you was, evidently,  
“so studious to guard from observa-  
“tion.”

“Ah! I was afraid that would be the  
“case,” said Emily; “I was, always, in  
“constant dread of betraying it; and,  
“have no doubt, but that I conducted  
“myself very awkwardly, and very sim-



“ply. However, now all my fears on  
“that head are happily over. I need no  
“longer wear a disguise in the presence  
“of my best friends.—And, could I only  
“discover the authors of my existence,  
“I should be the happiest creature that  
“ever lived!”

“The wish is natural, on your part,  
“my dear; but, I fear, you must never,  
“now, expect to have it gratified. So  
“many years have passed since our first  
“becoming acquainted, that I have, at  
“length, ceased to hope that you will  
“ever gain any intelligence of that na-  
“ture. I would have you drive such an  
“idea entirely from your thoughts:—and  
“content yourself with the enjoyment of  
“those blessings which Providence al-  
“lows, without suffering yourself to re-  
“pine for those, which He thinks proper  
“to withhold.”

Olivia now entered the apartment; and enquired, what had engaged them so earnestly? The affair was not meant to

be kept secret :—and she was immediately informed of the case, in which matters stood.

“ Then you will be my sister, at last,” cried Olivia, at the same time warmly congratulating her, “ though not exactly  
“ in the way, which my fancy once predicted.”

“ We have ever been sister’s in affection, my dear Olivia,” cried Emily, “ though not in consanguinity ; and I  
“ hope we shall continue so, to the very latest moment of our lives.”

“ Ah ! I hope so !” re-echoed Olivia.  
“ And, we will not be far separated. We  
“ will live as near to one another as we can : and we shall all be so happy !—  
“ I knew you had a penchant for Edward :  
“ —I told you so, you know, long ago.  
“ But no—you would not allow it. She  
“ in love, forsooth !—How could I think  
“ so ! — Ah ! Emily, Emily ! you are a  
“ bad hand at keeping a secret.”

“ So it seems ;” — returned Emily —

“for you all appear to have found it  
“out.”


“Pho ! child,”—cried Olivia, “why a  
“bady might have done that : you never  
“looked at Edward but your coun-  
“tenance betrayed it. But here I stand  
“chattering, and seem to forget, that I  
“have a husband of my own to look  
“after ;—and he wants a little coaxing  
“to bring him about again. For to tell  
“you the truth, he was not in the best  
“of humours, when he left me after  
“breakfast in the parlour. However, by  
“this time, perhaps, he has got over it ;  
“at least, I hope so ! and so I will now  
“go and look after him, as, you know,  
“it it the duty of a good wife to do.”

“Poor Olivia !”—said Miss Maitland,  
when she had quitted the apartment,—  
“Henry, I fear, will cause her many a heart-  
“ache !—What a different prospect has  
“she before her, to that which now smi-  
“lingly presents itself to my dear Emily.  
“The characters of the two brothers are

“so opposite. Henry is dissimilar to  
“Edward in every respect ;—so careless!  
“so indifferent to the happiness, or feel-  
“ings of those about him ! so totally  
“wrapped up in self ! that it is impossible  
“he can make a good husband to any  
“woman. I often wonder how he came  
“to marry ; I am afraid, my poor Oli-  
“via’s fortune was his principal induce-  
“ment : for, of love I believe him inca-  
“pable. Or else, Olivia is so amiable,  
“that she might engage the warm esteem  
“and affection of any one, was she with-  
“out any recommendation on the score  
“of fortune. But, I will not anticipate  
“evil : perhaps, he may turn out better  
“than I expect. I hope he will ! for  
“Olivia is equally with you, my dear  
“girl, the loved object of my care and  
“affection ; and it would grieve me to  
“the heart, to see her treated, otherwise  
“than as she deserves to be.”

Emily, too, feared that Olivia had  
chosen a husband utterly undeserving of

her; though she, at present, loved him with such enthusiasm, as to be totally blinded to his errors: but Emily forbore to add to the vexation of Miss Maitland by mentioning her fears: and after a short time spent in conversing upon the opposite characters of Edward and Henry, in which both ladies assimilated in opinion, they separated, each going to her different morning avocation.





## CHAP. IV.

Its no in titles, nor in rank ;  
 Its no in wealth like Lon'on Bank  
 To purchase peace and rest :

\* \* \* \* \*

If happiness hae not her seat  
 And centre in the breast,  
 We may be wise, or rich, 'or great,  
 But never can be blest.

Nae treasures, nor pleasures,  
 Could make us happy lang ;  
 The heart ay's the part ay  
 That makes us right or wrang.

BURNS.

IT was the wish of Lord Vaversley, that his sister should be presented on her marriage. A ceremony she would willingly have dispensed with. But Henry joining in the wish, she, at length, agreed to their united persuasions ; and, according-

ly, prepared to quit Melbury for that purpose.

Henry, in reality, cared nothing about his wife's appearance at Court ; but being completely weary of the solitude and sameness of the country, he caught at the idea, as it seemed to offer a very fair excuse for going up to town. He, therefore, eagerly joined with his Lordship in representing the necessity of her appearing there as his wife ; though he secretly laughed at the pride, which he fancied, dictated it. Olivia, ever ready to oblige him, gave up her own wishes to his ; and, as her brother informed her, there would be but one more drawing-room before they closed for the season, he begged she would take advantage of that, and come up to town with all convenient speed.

This arrangement exactly answered the purposes of Henry ; and put him into high good-humour :—though he would have been quite as well pleased to have left his wife behind him. But, as this was

not to be effected; of course, she accompanied him:—though she much regretted quitting Melbury, at this sweet season of the year, when, “Every blooming pleasure waits without.” It was now the middle of June; a time when the country holds out so many allurements to the admirers of Nature: but she hoped to visit it again soon; for London, she declared, at this season, would be quite insupportable.

Emily promised to write often; and with many fond professions of regret, Olivia, at length, entered the chaise, which took her from Melbury, and from friends she so highly valued.

They drove off at a brisk rate:—but very different were the feelings of the husband and wife, as they travelled on towards London. He was glad, that he had, at length, escaped from a species of confinement; she, on the contrary, felt, as if she was going into one. But she endeavoured to wear an appearance of

cheerfulness, and to dress her countenance in smiles ; for she wished not her husband to perceive, that any wish of his, was complied with, on her part, with reluctance.

They drove to Grosvenor Square; where her brother had pressed them to take up their abode, until a house of their own was prepared for their reception ; and where he fondly welcomed his sister, begging that she and her husband would make it their home, as long as they found it convenient.

From this time Edward was the constant companion of his adored Emily; and much of their time was spent in rambling together about the Park, and its environs. Every shady, cool recess, of which the Park had to boast of a beautiful variety, was explored by these happy lovers, during the day ; and, in the evening, they would again set out by moonlight, and, wandering to a less distant part of the grounds, listen to the

notes of the nightingales, which nightly poured forth their plaintive melody, from a neighbouring copse. It was in these moments of delight, that they planned their schemes of future happiness. Happiness, which was to arise from usefulness to their fellow-creatures; not from dashing equipages—splendid routs—or, by taking the lead, in any of the fashionable follies of the day. These formed no part in their scheme of felicity. It was in retirement—friendship—the company of each other—from which their pleasure was to be derived:—and they sought for no higher reward, than the consciousness of well-doing; or, for any other applause than the silent testimony of their own hearts.

Having been so long intimately acquainted; for several years members of the same family; the disposition of each was so well known to the other, that there was no necessity for a protracted courtship. Emily, therefore, had pro-



mised to give her hand to Edward, as soon as Olivia should be at liberty to return to Melbury. She had assured them, in a letter, which she had written to Emily, on her arrival at her brother's, that she would use her utmost endeavours to persuade Henry to come down again, as soon as the dreaded day was over: and Edward, therefore, agreed to a delay, which, he apprehended, would not be of any long duration.

Emily received several letters from Olivia, however, in which nothing was said of her return:—and, at last, came one, which informed them, that Henry had refused to bring her down to Melbury; having purchased a house at Richmond, to which they were going on the next day.

“ I do not much approve of this change of plan, my dear Emily,” continued Olivia, “ but my husband, (there is a formidable word !) commands—and

I must obey. The house which he has purchased, is not large ; but, the grounds about it, are the most beautiful you can conceive. Less extensive than those at Melbury, but so tastefully arranged, and so judiciously laid out, and made the most of ; that I never yet saw any place, upon so small a scale too, that was more exactly to my taste. I long to have your opinion of it ! and your company too !—for, I miss your society more and more every day. You know, I was never very partial to being alone ; and, when Arthur and Henry are out, I wander about this large mansion, and feel so lonesome, that I wish myself with you a hundred times a day. I am afraid I shall be still worse off, in this respect, when we get to Richmond : only I am in hopes, that, when we once get quietly settled, in a house of our own, Henry may like to stay more at home, than he has done since we have been at my brother's. Ah ! cannot you steal a short time from Ed-

ward, and come and see me?—or, perhaps, you could persuade him to come with you. Yes; that will be best:—for, I can scarcely venture to expect, that, just at this period, you will consent to separate.

“ Who do you think we have just now for a visitor?—No other than our old friend, Mr. Grenfell. He came from Cumberland only the day before yesterday, and called upon us this morning, immediately upon his arrival. He has not brought his wife with him; as she is now, he says, very near being confined for the fourth time. How years slip away!—It seems but as yesterday, that he left us, to take possession of his rectory. I wish she had been with him! for I should like to see her very much!—He speaks of her very partially—and if I may believe the report of a fond husband, she would have been a desirable acquisition to me just now. Arthur would take no denial, but that he should make Gros-

venor Square his place of residence, during his stay in London ; so that we have as much of his company, as he can possibly spare time to give us, from the business which brought him so far from home :—which is a law-suit, that he was compelled to engage in, as I understand, very reluctantly. He regrets exceedingly that you, and the rest of the family are out of town ; and says, that could he spare the time, or venture to leave London, he would certainly make a point of coming to Melbury ; as years may, probably, elapse, before he shall have another opportunity of seeing you. I promised him to give you a hint, that—“ though the Mountain cannot go to Mahomet, yet Mahomet can come to the Mountain,”—and I hope it will not be lost upon you !——Seriously, my dear Emily, do try and persuade our beloved friends to come up to town upon this occasion :—to come immediately,—or, perhaps, Mr. Grenfell may be gone.—It

will so gratify this old friend, whom we all so much esteem; and I think I need not tell my dear Emily, how much joy it will occasion to another friend of her's; whom, perhaps, she may readily guess to be,

“ Her affectionate

“ OLIVIA.”

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Though it was not without regret that they quitted the embowering shades of Melbury Park, for the dust and bustle of London, at this season of year; yet not only Miss Maitland and Emily, but, likewise, Sir William and Edward, were eagerly solicitous once more to meet with an old and valued friend; from whom they had been so long separated,—and whom, in all probability, they might not have another opportunity of seeing, for several years.

The worth and integrity of Mr. Grenfell, had gained him the warm esteem,



and sincere friendship, of each individual of both families ; and, as he was so situated, that his business would not permit him to leave London, they determined to go up to town, for a short period, for the express purpose of a meeting with him.

Mr. Grenfell had been presented to the living, which he now held, by his former pupil, Lord Vaversly, in whose gift it happened to be. But, though a valuable one, it was, unfortunately, situated so distantly, being in the most remote part of Cumberland, that, on his taking possession of it, it completely separated him from all his former connexions. This was considered by him, as a powerful alloy to his good-fortune:—for, he was attached to his former pupil, and present patron, by the strongest ties of affection and gratitude. He knew his worth ;—his high principle of honour ;—his strict integrity ;—and, except in one instance, saw him exactly the character, which all

his endeavours had tended to form. For Olivia, too, he felt a sort of parental affection, in which Emily also came in for a share ; for, it may be recollected, that she had once partaken of his instructions, when they altogether resided at Raimondi. For all the Maitland family, he felt the purest sentiments of esteem ; and, to part with friends so much valued, was, at first, a severe deprivation. He, however, married soon after fixing at the rectory ; and had never since visited London ; or seen any of those friends, from whom he had so reluctantly parted, (except Lord Vaversly, who had paid him one visit in Cumberland) until the present period.

Edward agreed to this proposal of going up to town, though, at first, he feared it would delay his marriage with Emily : —but, an idea suddenly occurred to him, that it might, probably, accelerate his wishes, instead of retarding them ; for, he hoped to induce her to become his,

sooner than she might, otherwise, be inclined to do, on the plea of having the ceremony performed, by their much valued, and respected friend, Mr. Grenfell, whilst he remained in town. He said nothing to her of this plan, whilst they continued at Melbury; meaning, on their arrival in London, to arrange a scheme with Mr. Grenfell, as if the proposal should first come from him.

Unsuspicious of this design upon her liberty, Emily reached Park Lane, with the rest of the family. Here they were in a very short time joined by Olivia, who had come from Richmond, to give them the meeting, and who welcomed her beloved friends, with a countenance, on which joy and gladness were visibly depicted.

She talked in raptures of her new abode; and made an arrangement with the whole party to dine with her and Henry, on the following day.

“As to you, Emily,” said she, gaily,  
“I shall insist upon your going home  
“with me to-night; that we may have  
“a little chat, how and about it, in the  
“morning before the others come. O!  
“I have so missed you!—You will be  
“delighted with our situation—I know  
“you will!—It is a perfect Paradise: an  
“Eden in miniature.—Yet, still it is so-  
“litary to wander about alone, with no  
“creature to speak to. I was never par-  
“tial to my own company, you know;  
“and so I sometimes find it rather dull.  
“But, it is a sweet place for all that,  
“and, I know, will suit your taste,  
“Emily, exactly.”

“But how is your husband employed,  
“my dear?”—enquired Miss Maitland—  
“that you are so much in want of a  
“companion.”

“O! I do not know how it is—but,  
“he generally goes to town every day.—  
“Sometimes, I go with him;—but, he says,  
“that if we are so constantly seen together

“ now we have been married some time, we  
“ shall soon be the laughing-stock of all  
“ our acquaintance. I tell him, I should  
“ not mind that, if we were but happy  
“ with each other ;—for, what would it  
“ be to us, you know, what people think ?  
“ —But, he says, he should. For he  
“ should not like to be a standing joke  
“ to all his young men acquaintance : if  
“ he did, the next thing he should ex-  
“ pect, would be, to get caricatured.—  
“ So, to oblige him, I stay at home ; or  
“ take a ride by myself :—and when he  
“ comes home to dinner, which is not  
“ till pretty late, (for we do not dine be-  
“ fore six) he is too tired, in general, to  
“ walk afterwards ; so I mostly take a  
“ ramble by myself, whilst he is enjoy-  
“ ing his afternoon’s nap.”

“ Nonsense !”—said Miss Maitland—  
“ what need he mind what people say !—  
“ I am sure it is most proper for a man  
“ and wife to be seen together. It is  
“ these kind of new-fangled notions,



“ that cause much of the depravity,  
“ which is so prevalent among the vota-  
“ ries of Fashion, at the present day.—  
“ But, I should have expected, that  
“ Henry would have shewn more sense,  
“ and more independence, than to suffer  
“ himself to be guided by a notion so  
“ ridiculous. Sure, he cannot be in  
“ any better society, than in the com-  
“ pany of his own wife.”

“ That is just what I tell him ;”—cried  
Olivia.—“ But, he says,—that we must  
“ comply a little with the taste of the  
“ times. That, if we mean to associate  
“ with fashionable people, we must do,  
“ as they do. But it is very disagree-  
“ able for the wife, I know ; and I do  
“ not at all like being left so much  
“ alone. Had I any female companion,  
“ now, I should not so much mind.—  
“ What a comfortable ramble we shall  
“ have to-morrow morning, my dear  
“ Emily !”

“ What a deal of misery may be ascri-

“ cribed to this one word, Fashion ! ” —  
exclaimed Miss Maitland — “ Ah ! why  
“ will people, in becoming slaves to it,  
“ throw away their own happiness ! —  
“ Cannot they be contented with the  
“ secret approval of their own con-  
“ sciences ! — However, my dear Olivia,  
“ you are possessed of more resources,  
“ than are many others, for amusing  
“ your solitary hours : and, perhaps,  
“ soon, you may have more of your  
“ husband’s company. All his fashion-  
“ able friends, will, shortly, I should  
“ imagine, be going out of town.”

“ Yes ; — so he says. But, we are, in  
“ a few days, to have a grand assemblage  
“ of these fashionable visitors at our own  
“ house. Our first grand rout is to be  
“ given on Thursday next : — so, you  
“ must all come. For my own part, I  
“ shall be excessively glad when it is  
“ over ! — It was not my wish to have it  
“ at all ; only Henry seemed to think it

“ was indispensable: for it will be disagreeable enough for me—as, at least, three parts of the company, will be people I know nothing of, except by name.”

Emily said—“ She did not, certainly, envy her her office, which would almost be an insupportable one to herself. But,” added she, laughing, “ I will, at all events give you my countenance upon the occasion; and make a point of attending this your first grand gala.”

Upon this, and other topics, they continued to converse, until the re-entrance of Sir William, and Edward, (who had been out of the room, during the preceding discourse). And in the evening being joined by Mr. Grenfell, who came to supper, accompanied by Lord Vaversly; with the exception of the latter, it would scarcely have been possible to find, a happier, or more delighted party.

Lord Vaversly had heard, from his sister, of the proposed alliance of her whom he still adored, with his friend Edward. And though he could not but allow, that such a marriage was calculated to secure to her, a prospect of unfading felicity; such as her virtues merited, and such as he wished her to possess; yet he could not bring his mind to view the subject with indifference, or to wish, sincerely from his heart, that the union might take place.

He still loved Emily—fondly! ardently loved her!—and, there were moments, when he regretted, that he had not sought to engage her affections, and to secure them wholly to himself. Had he done so, previous to her engagement with Edward, the vanity usual to his sex and age, led him to suppose, that he might have been the accepted lover. But, then, could he have married her?—Her—who however amiable, was, but too probably, of ignoble birth, or, per-

haps, the offspring of profligate illegitimacy? — Ah, no! — that must never be thought of! — the pride of ancestry forbade it! — Besides, how could he have answered it to his own descendants, should he have given them a mother, who knew not even the parents from whom she sprang? — Would not such an alliance have been an indelible disgrace upon the ancient and noble house of Vaversly?

By such fallacious reasonings as these, did this, in all other respects, worthy, and truly estimable young man, throw away his own happiness. In the presence of Emily, he endeavoured to assume an appearance, at least, of ease and indifference; (as he could form no ostensible excuse for omitting to accompany Mr. Grenfell to Park Lane this evening,) and by an effort of fortitude commanded his feelings so far, as to congratulate her, with a shew of cheerfulness, on her approaching happy prospects, in an union



with his friend Edward. But though he thus succeeded in gaining the mastery over his feelings ; yet, it was attended with an emotion so painful, that his spirits were agitated and depressed during the remainder of the evening.

Several of the party noticed his abstraction and taciturnity ; and his sister, laughingly observed, “ that it was very “ evident he was in love.” A slight suffusion passed over his countenance, at her thus stumbling upon the truth ; though he endeavoured to rally the charge, with all the cheerfulness he could assume. Yet, though she had thus glanced at the real cause of his melancholy, he flattered himself, that she was totally unsuspecting, as to the object who had occasioned it ; for her raillery had never once pointed to Emily ; but, frequently, to a young person, who lived near them in the square, of whom, at times, her brother had spoken in terms of the most

unqualified praise. 'This was some relief to him ; but, notwithstanding, he felt so wretched ! so dispirited ! and unhappy ! that no criminal never received greater joy at a reprieve, than he did, when Olivia rising, said, " that it was " time for them to depart."

Henry had called for her at the latter part of the evening, pleading some trifling engagement, that had prevented him from coming earlier :—and when he did come, he seemed in such a hurry to depart, that his father could not avoid observing, and noticing, his disrespectful conduct.

He turned it off, by carelessly observing — " that he imagined they would " be fatigued after their journey, and " would not wish to be troubled with " much company, at the very moment " of their arrival."

" When was you ever considered as " company, Henry ?" — coolly enquired

his father. " You know my children  
" are welcome to me at all times :—and,  
" I think, you might have contrived to  
" come earlier. Any trifling engage-  
" ment might have been given up, in  
" order to accompany your wife, when  
" it was to visit your own family too,  
" whom you have not seen, now, for  
" some weeks."

" You misconceive me, Sir, entirely,"  
said Henry, with much carelessness of  
manner; " besides, I was not at home  
" when Olivia set off."

" You was not unapprised of the day  
" we were expected, Henry;" resumed  
Sir William; who did not, at all approve  
of his conduct, either towards themselves,  
or his wife.

" Henry only feared that too many  
" persons coming in at once, immediately  
" after your journey, Sir, would not be  
" agreeable;" observed Olivia, with her  
usual good-nature, in order to relieve  
her husband; whose feelings, she feared

would be wounded by the unusual manner of his father. Sir William saw through her kind intention; and not wishing to distress her further, said no more upon the subject: though he felt much vexation at the conduct of Henry; not so much for the neglect of his own family, as for that he appeared to shew towards the amiable young creature, whom he had so recently made his wife.

Very soon afterwards, Olivia herself arose, and proposed their going home, seeing that her husband wished it: and as she so earnestly desired the company of her friend, Emily prepared to accompany them to Richmond, where she was to remain until the following day.

The family were then all to dine there, by the request of Olivia. But when, upon their road home, she informed her husband of this arrangement, he told her, sharply, — “never, for the future, to invite any company, without first consulting him: — for, he might else happen to be en-

“gaged ; which was, unluckily, the case  
“just then. And, he supposed, he must  
“give it up, though it was with a set of  
“his most intimate friends, or there  
“would be the devil and all to do ! as  
“his father, and the parson were invited.  
“But, now mind, Olivia,” said he, seriously — “never act in this way again. If  
“you do, and I happen to be engaged  
“elsewhere, I shall be under the necessity, (which, perhaps, you may not  
“much relish,) of leaving you to entertain them, and to do the honours  
“by yourself.”

Emily thought this was strange kind of language, from a man newly married — and felt, that had she been in the situation of Olivia, it would have caused her much unhappiness. She knew not how it had been taken by her, for, contrary to her usual custom, Olivia did not speak another word, until they reached their own door. Emily then fancied, she could discover upon her cheeks the traces of



recent tears, but, upon entering her own house, her spirits seemed to revive. She once more began to converse cheerfully, and leading Emily into a room, which communicated with the one they had first entered, opened a part of a shutter, to give Emily a slight view, of the sweet, and enchanting prospect, which the windows, in the day-time commanded. There was a moon, but, just then, so obscured by clouds, as to reflect objects but very indistinctly; and Olivia, closing the shutter, said — “ That she  
“ must defer exhibiting her beautiful  
“ landscape until the next morning, when  
“ she anticipated the pleasure Emily would  
“ receive from the view of it.”

She then preceded her friend to the chamber prepared for her; and after chatting with her for a short time, and once more fondly welcoming her to a house of her's, bade her good-night, and left her to seek repose.

“ Poor Olivia ! ” — thought Emily, as

she left the room, “ I fear thou art not  
“ destined to be happy !— How different is  
“ thy husband to my beloved Edward !—  
“ Yet, did not Olivia believe the same of  
“ Henry ?— Ah yes !— I know she fan-  
“ cied his heart the seat of every virtue.  
“ Should I be so deceived !— But, no— it  
“ is impossible !— Long before I enter-  
“ tained any thoughts of becoming the  
“ wife of Edward, I saw the difference  
“ between the brothers. Every body sees  
“ it. At least, all, but her, whom love  
“ has so completely blinded to her hus-  
“ band’s failings, May she ever remain  
“ so ! But, I fear, the veil will speedily be  
“ withdrawn, and then, what will become  
“ of my poor friend ?— Ah ! dear, amia-  
“ ble Olivia ! thy virtues, too surely, me-  
“ rited a better fate— for Henry, I fear,  
“ is totally undeserving of thee !”

Before she went to bed, she drew aside the window-curtain, and found, from the view without, that her chamber was situated immediately over the room, Olivia

and herself had been in below. The clouds which then obscured the moon, were now rapidly dispersing, and, in a few moments it shone with unrivalled splendour.

She could now clearly discern the beautiful scenery which spread itself before her; and found, that the situation of the house, must be very near the top of the hill; as it commanded, from the back part of it, the whole of that delightful view, which is so well known, and so universally admired. The Thames, gliding gently through the valley, sparkled in the moon-beams, which shewed more distinctly, its irregular, and winding course, amid the verdure of the meadows; whilst villa's, nearly embosomed among the embowering foliage, were seen partially beneath their leafy covering; and altogether formed a scene so picturesquely beautiful, that Emily fan-

cied, she had never seen one superior, not even among the well-remembered alpine scenery of France.

To be sure, the character of each was different. But Emily was inclined, rather to admire the softer scenes of nature, than those which astonish, perhaps, more than they delight. If any thing, therefore, she gave the preference to the one before her ; which, as it was now seen, tranquilly reposing in the moonlight, she thought could not, possibly, be excelled.

As she stood at the window lost in admiration, her thoughts ascended to heaven ! and she paid her evening adorations to the Author of all these beauties, with even more than her usual gratitude and fervor.

She had scarcely ended her heart-felt address, to the Bounteous Giver of all good, when a sound stole upon the air, as if of some one singing. She listened attentively :—but could see no one :—nor

could she be certain, from what quarter exactly it proceeded. Her thoughts had, previously, been raised almost to enthusiasm, and she felt half inclined to be superstitious, and to fancy, that it must proceed from some spirit of the air. A few moments, however, served to recall these elevated fancies, and to convince her, that the sound came from mere mortals, of the humblest kind too ; for, she instantly perceived several men towing up a barge ; who, to beguile the tedious uniformity of their occupation, she supposed, were chaunting a sort of melancholy ditty, as they slowly pursued their allotted course, along the margin of the river. The barge glided gently upon the water, adding greatly to the general picturesque effect ; and she remained so long at the window, tracing its progress through the liquid element, which appeared one lengthened sheet of silver ; and listening to the mournful melody of the boatmen's ditty, as the notes died



away in distance, that time flew unheeded ; and it was not until a clock from below sounded the hour of two, that she was conscious how late it was, She, however, then, closed the window hastily, and retired to bed.

When she entered the breakfast room the next morning, she was, as Olivia had anticipated she would be, completely fascinated with the sweet situation of the house ; and not only with the situation of it, but also with the house itself. It was built in the style of an Italian villa ; and though, on a small scale, was, infinitely beautiful. The grounds about it, were of no vast extent ; but art had so much improved the natural capabilities, that, as Olivia had once said, “ it was a sort of “ Eden in miniature.” The parlour, where they breakfasted, opened with folding doors, through a latticed portico, to the lawn ; which, gradually sloping, led down to the edge of the river : beyond whose banks was to be seen, the rich,

pleasing, and extensive landscape which had afforded Emily so much delight on the preceding evening.

On her expressing her warm admiration of the scenery around them, and of the sweet situation they had chosen, Henry said—“That he had bought the house purely to oblige Olivia, (an assertion, however, which Emily knew was not exactly true) but, that he verily believed, she was tired of it already, for she was never easy but when she was jiggling to town. But this is always the way with you women,” observed he, “elegantly — you are never long together satisfied or contented with what you have; but are always either sighing or wishing for something you have not.”

“Nay,” said Olivia, “do not talk in that manner, Henry; you know very well, I am perfectly satisfied with the house. It answers my wishes in every respect. So much so, that would you

“afford me a little more of your company, I should never have a desire even to pass the door.”

“Nonsense!”—exclaimed he,—“it is impossible for me to be at home always. That is out of the question!”

“I do not say always, my dear Henry, but, sometimes, I should certainly like to have a little more of your company: for, in your absence, the time will hang heavy, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent it.”

“Well, you will have company enough to-day,” returned he, pettishly;—“and here is Emily, she must come and be with you as often as she can, she has nothing else to do. But, I warn you,” added he, more seriously, “not to expect, that I am always to be tied to your side; for, to be ever dawdling about with women, is a life I am not at all calculated for—and one, which I would not be bound to endure.”

Tears stood in the eyes of Olivia, but

she endeavoured not to suffer her emotion to appear—and, after the pause of a few moments, said, though in a tone which betrayed the state of her feelings, notwithstanding her efforts to disguise it — “ that, if he talked in that manner “ she feared, he would deter Emily from “ marrying at all.”

“ Pho ! nonsense ! ” cried he, — “ that “ is a different affair. Ned is the very “ fellow for such a purpose : — fit for no- “ thing else but to dawdle about with “ the women. But I am none of that “ water-gruel sort ; I must have more “ active pleasures. Besides, he likes “ retirement : — I hate it. He and I ne- “ ver agreed upon that subject in our “ lives.”

“ Nor upon any other, I should ima- “ gine ; ” thought Emily — but she forbore to say so. For her indignation, at hearing him talk to his wife in that manner, was so strongly excited, that she felt, had she answered him at all, it would have

been in a kind of way, he would not, possibly have liked; and which, afterwards, perhaps, she would herself have been sorry for. In a few moments, however, to her great joy he disappeared; leaving them at leisure to amuse themselves as they thought proper; merely saying, as he went out, "that he should be back again by the time of dinner."

For some time after his departure, neither of them spoke:—and, it was, evidently, with much difficulty, that Olivia refrained from weeping. She struggled, however, to subdue her emotion, and, at length, asked Emily to go with her and view the grounds? Emily readily assented. And, in rambling over them, and pointing out their various beauties, an hour passed away so pleasantly, that, by the time they returned to the house, Olivia, had, in some degree, recovered her natural cheerfulness.

Taking out their work, they seated themselves in the Portico, that led from



the breakfast parlour to the lawn; the lattice-work of which, being entwined, and nearly overshadowed, by the embowering foliage of the clematis, and the jessamine, totally excluded the sun-beams; rendering the seat they had chosen, perfectly cool and shady. Here, with a full view of the rich, and varied scenery spread out before them, they passed another hour or two, in social and friendly chat; in which the name of Henry seemed, as if by mutual consent, to be avoided; until they were obliged to separate, in order to change their morning habiliments, and to be in readiness to receive the rest of the family, who had promised to be at Richmond at an early hour to dinner.

Edward, in the mean time, had found no opportunity of mentioning his promised scheme to Mr. Grenfell, though he had anxiously sought for one; but, that gentleman having been out the whole morning, he had not been able to speak

with him privately; even for a moment. He determined, however, to seize the very first that offered; though he felt infinitely disappointed, that his design had been so unluckily frustrated.

After dinner, however, when they had drank health and prosperity to the new-married couple, Mr. Grenfell proposed, that they should do the same to the bride and bridegroom elect. This toast was accordingly given;—and Mr. Grenfell, without any previous solicitation on the part of Edward, expressed his wish, that they would allow him to perform the ceremony, and give them to each other, during his stay in town.

Edward, overjoyed that Mr. Grenfell should thus unexpectedly make the very proposal, about which he had been so solicitous during the whole day, looked at Emily, as if for her approval. But Emily said—“That though such an arrangement would be an addition to her

“felicity, if Mr. Grenfell was in town  
“when she gave her hand to Edward;  
“yet, if he went so soon into the country,  
“as he talked of, she feared it would be  
“impossible.”

“But what, my dear,” asked Mr. Grenfell, “should prevent this affair  
“from being” brought to a conclusion  
“whilst I remain in London?”

It was so sudden, Emily said; — besides he talked of setting off early in the following week, and, if so, it would be impossible!

“But why, my dear Miss Doraton? —  
“You, I know, or, at least, I am given  
“to understand so, mean to marry this  
“lover of your’s, at no very distant pe-  
“riod: then, why not consent to oblige  
“me, by permitting me to perform the  
“ceremony, previous to my departure?  
“Do not fear disobliging my friend Ed-  
“ward; — for, I can see by his looks, it  
“is a measure, which he perfectly ap-

“ proves of. Come, what do you say,  
“ my dear?—or, shall I refer the matter  
“ wholly to him?”

“ You would like Mr. Grenfell to unite  
“ you to Edward, I know, my dear;” said  
Miss Maitland, addressing Emily—“ and  
“ a few days will make no great difference.  
“ My dear girl is superior to affectation,  
“ and I know, will consent to our united  
“ wishes. Sir William also joined in the  
“ same request.”

The wish of Miss Maitland was, at all times, as a law to Emily; nor did she like to disoblige Sir William—she, therefore, no longer made any opposition to the entreaties of her friends; but feeling her spirits agitated, and her colour increasing, to a degree almost painful, at this very unexpected proposal; she arose hastily, and said — “ She would leave  
“ them to settle the matter as they  
“ thought proper, whilst she took a turn  
“ or two about the garden.”

Olivia would fain have followed her;

but, as mistress, she could not leave the head of the table, round which her friends were seated. Edward, however, soon afterwards disappeared : — and, seeking Emily in the garden, thanked her warmly for her acquiescence : — and, by the time they again met their friends, Emily had fixed on the following Saturday, for resigning herself for life, to this beloved possessor of her heart.

Mr. Grenfell was to leave London on the Monday, or she wished to have deferred it until the following week. She had, therefore, named Saturday, the last day, (Sunday being out of the question) in order to have time to make some preparations ; and, indeed, to collect her scattered ideas, which were, in a manner bewildered, by the extreme suddenness of this proceeding. This was Tuesday ; and there were only three intervening days, before that, in which this important change in her condition was to take place. A change, on which depended the happiness, or misery of her whole life,



When they parted in the evening, Olivia promised to be with her early the next morning, in order to accompany her, and to give her opinion concerning the selection of various articles of dress, which would be necessary on the approaching happy occasion; and which was the only preparation that the shortness of the time allowed. A house had been viewed by Edward that very morning, which met with his perfect approbation; but he had not come to any conclusion about it, until it had been inspected by Emily. The next day, however, he led her over it, (for it was at no small distance, being only in Grosvenor Place) and, as she, likewise, approved of it, he engaged it for their future residence—though it would not be ready, yet, for their reception, for several months. There was furniture to be provided; and, it likewise wanted several repairs previous to their taking possession of it. This, however, was a matter of

no consequence; for it was settled that they should spend the whole summer at Melbury; whither they were again to return, on the day Mr. Grenfell quitted London. So, that by the time of coming back to town for the winter, the house would be finished, and in comfortable order to receive them.

The spirits of Emily were in that kind of continual hurry, that she had no leisure for reflection: and Madeline was almost out of her wits with joy.—“Did not I say so, Miss Emily?”—said she—“To be sure, I thought, perhaps, that it might be myself, as I am oldest you know—but then, to be sure, being a lady, why that makes all the difference. Well! I wonder whose turn will come next to be married!—I wonder whether it will be me! Perhaps, it may—who knows!--O! how I do wish I may be so lucky!”

“Perhaps you might be happier as you are, Madeline,” observed Emily.

“ O ! no, I shouldn’t, Miss Emily. If  
“ I was but to be married, I am sure I  
“ should be happy ! there is always such  
“ mirth and merriment going forward at  
“ a wedding. Next Saturday—O ! how  
“ I wish it was here ; don’t you, Miss  
“ Emily ?—master says, we may all have  
“ another merry-making in the house-  
“ keeper’s room, whilst all of you are  
“ gone to Miss Oli—. I beg her pardon,  
“ I mean Mrs. Henry Maitland’s—and  
“ we are to have wine given us, and are  
“ all to be as merry as grigs. I wish to  
“ my heart, our housekeeper would not  
“ invite that Mrs. Dawbwell to come and  
“ drink tea with her, for she is my utter  
“ aversion ! God forgive me ! but I hate  
“ her !—You see she was out in her  
“ reckoning though, Miss Emily, about  
“ you, and my Lord ; ah ! I knew that  
“ was a fudge of her own making ; and  
“ so I told her, I remember, point blank.  
“ —However, thanks to the Holy Vir-  
“ gin ! I shall soon wash my hands of

“ her entirely : for, when you are Mr.  
“ Edward’s Lady, and we all goes to live  
“ in Grosvenor Place, only let her call  
“ upon me if she dares !—I should think  
“ she never would have the impudence !  
“ —but, I don’t know ; she is a bold  
“ creature ; and can push herself in any  
“ where. I am glad you are going to  
“ be married, Miss Emily, that I am ! if  
“ it was only to spite her, a malicious,  
“ story-telling creature !——Ah ! I have  
“ not forgot what she said about you,  
“ and me, and Miss Maitland ; no, nor,  
“ never should, if I was to live to be a  
“ hundred !”

Madeline could not forget Mrs. Dawbwell’s disrespectful mention of her young mistress ; whom, she herself considered as the most amiable and perfect of human beings ; and took every opportunity, when this person happened to come in her way, to shew her resentment, (which was not at all abated) by answering very sharply, whenever Mrs.

Dawbwell thought proper to address her. This, Mrs. Dawbwell chose in her turn to resent. And, in consequence, it was frequently productive of a quarrel between them.

There had been many arrangements proposed for the wedding-day ; and, after much debating upon the subject, it was, at length, settled—that the whole family should dine together in Park Lane, and go afterwards to tea, and to spend the evening, at the house of Olivia, at Richmond. Mrs. Watkins, as before, was invited to join the party at dinner ; Lord Vaversly was ever reckoned one of the family ; and Olivia was to come early, and breakfast with them, that she might be in readiness to accompany her friend to St. George's Church ; where, at a quarter before twelve precisely, the ceremony was to be performed by Mr. Grenfell.

Both Edward and Emily would have preferred adopting a similar plan, to that



pursued by Henry and Olivia on a like occasion, of going on to Melbury immediately after they were united: but, did not propose such an arrangement, out of compliment to Mr. Grenfell; and more particularly, as the whole family were to return thither, so soon as the following Monday.

The intermediate time was spent by Emily, she scarcely knew how; her spirits were in a continual flutter, though she frequently asked herself, why they should be so? for, was she not going to marry the man of her choice—the person, whom of all others in the world she loved the most—and, with whom, she had every prospect of being happy, even beyond the common lot?—Yet still it was so:—nor could she subdue the agitation which she felt:—though she endeavoured to assume an appearance of calmness, which, however, all her efforts could not attain.

Olivia's grand gala, too, came in the

interim ; but, from attending this, Emily now begged to be excused. Olivia, however, was so earnest in her entreaties not to be left unsupported, on an occasion she so much dreaded, that, to oblige her, she gave up her own inclinations, and promised to make one in the miscellaneous group. But no persuasions could induce either Sir William, or his sister to join this scene of gaiety and bustle ; and, therefore, it was settled, that Emily should remain at Richmond all night, in order to prevent the family from being disturbed by her return ; and, that Edward, for the same reason, should come back with Lord Vaversly, and sleep at his house in Grosvenor Square. Olivia having previously given him to understand, that there was not a spare bed in her abode to offer him, as they had all, except the one expressly reserved for Emily, been taken down, to afford more room for the numerous company she expected.

From long habit, Emily imagined that she should never be able to disencumber herself of her gay trappings, without the assistance of Madeline; and as the most ready mode of conveyance, she occupied the back seat in the carriage, which took Edward and herself to Richmond. Madeline was delighted with this arrangement. To be honoured so far, as to go in the same carriage with her mistress and Mr. Edward; and then, to have an opportunity of seeing all the elegant company come in, when she got to Mr. Henry's, which she had been wishing all day long, to have the power to do; was, such a happiness! what she did not expect, neither! that in her over joy, she had very nearly forgotten to put into the carriage Emily's night-clothes, or a proper dress for the following morning.

The joy of Madeline was rarely of a silent nature; and had it not been in some degree overpowered by her fears of highwaymen, they would, in all probabi-

lity, have had more of her conversation than would have been agreeable. Not a post, or a bush, that came in her way, but her terror magnified into a robber; and when, at last, they stopt suddenly at one of the turnpikes on the road, and the coachman loudly vociferated the word gate! she screamed with such violence, as to startle both of her companions: nor was it till her mistress with more sternness in her manner than usual, had insisted upon her being quiet, that she would consent to listen to reason; or that she could be persuaded it was not a highwayman, who had called out to the coachman to stop.

They soon reached the place of their destination: which, upon the first entrance, seemed to resemble those fairy palaces, which they remembered to have read of, in their earlier years. Orange trees, and a variety of flowering shrubs, which at other times ornamented the conservatory, were now ranged along

the hall, forming a sort of grove, through which the company were to pass, in their way to the saloon. Behind these were stationed the musicians, whose lively strains inspired in the bosoms of those who entered, a sort of artificial gaiety, and predisposed them for the enjoyment of those pleasures, which were expected to be met with during the evening. — The saloon was, likewise, tastefully decorated, and the floor, according to the present fashion, chalked in many a fanciful device : besides which, a temporary building had been erected upon the lawn for dancing, hung with festoons of flowers, and coloured lamps ; whilst in various parts of the adjoining grounds were placed the pandean minstrels, whose lively airs, thus softened by distance, contributed to throw a sort of fascination over the whole.

Though it was past eleven before they reached Richmond, very few of the company had yet arrived ; but before one,



they had increased so rapidly, that the rooms were crowded almost to suffocation. At two the supper rooms were again open; on the tables of which were spread every delicacy, and rarity of the season: but the crowd was here again so immense, as well as in the rooms appropriated to dancing, that instead of being able to procure any thing in comfort, it presented only one continued scene of riot and confusion. — Emily began to be heartily weary of it, and indeed, was nearly overcome by the excessive heat. This, therefore, offering a sufficient apology for leaving Olivia, at whose side she had been stationed nearly the whole evening, she quitted for a short time this brilliant apartment, and sought comparative solitude, in the cooler atmosphere of the now deserted ball-room. Here, she had not been seated long, before she was joined by Edward, who, fearing she was indisposed, had left the company in search of her;

and who, finding she was not disposed to return to the supper-room, proposed, when she was sufficiently cool to render such a measure prudent, that they should take a walk together in the fresh air, whilst the rest of the party were finishing their supper.

This met with a ready assent from Emily:—and, therefore, as soon as she dared venture, they proceeded together to a distant part of the grounds; where the pure air, and pale light of early morning, formed such a pleasing contrast to the heat and glare of the illuminated apartments, that Emily would gladly have remained there, until the company had left the house. Now and then they could faintly distinguish a strain of melody, wafted through the air, from the pandeans, or else all around them appeared so still, and solitary, that they might have fancied themselves far removed from “the busy haunts of men.”

“These gay scenes, my dear Emily,”

said Edward, " I find, take the same  
" effect upon you, as they do on me.  
" At first they fascinate ; but how soon  
" is the momentary fascination changed  
" to weariness and disgust. How far  
" superior is the pleasure we derive from  
" the society of a few select friends,  
" than to be thus huddled together in a  
" promiscuous crowd, where three parts,  
" at least, of the company are compara-  
" tive strangers to us, people we know  
" nothing of, nor care whether we should  
" ever see again."

" Very true ;" — observed Emily. —  
" And then, only to reflect upon the  
" waste of money, that might be ap-  
" plied to so much better purposes. Ah !  
" Edward," continued she, " I am re-  
" joiced to find that your opinion is  
" similar to my own on this subject ;  
" for, I must confess it would grieve me  
" to the heart, to throw away a large  
" sum upon one evening's entertain-  
" ment like this, which, if disposed of

“ differently, might gladden the hearts  
“ of, at least, a hundred distressed fami-  
“ lies.”

“ I trust, my dear Emily,” resumed Edward, “ that not only on this subject, “ but on most others, our opinions are “ similar. But see,” added he, “ point- “ ing towards the east, is not that light “ streak yonder the precursor of the ri- “ sing sun ?”

Edward was right in his conjecture ; for, in a few moments the golden orb was seen gradually emerging from the utmost verge of the horizon. They watched its progress, as, with unrivalled splendour, it threw its beams around, awakening numerous birds, who, warbling from beneath their leafy covering, raised their melodious notes in humble gratitude, for being thus recalled to life and liberty. All nature seemed newly animated. The distant prospect glowed with luxuriance : — and Edward and Emily remained, for some length of time,

rapt in those sublime emotions, which such a scene was calculated to inspire. In silence they adored the Almighty Being, by whose Power all this was conducted; and it was not until a loud swell of the distant music, once more came upon the breeze, that they recollected how long they had been away, and what a strange appearance their absence would have to the company. A brisk wind, too, having sprung up, since the rising of the sun, Edward feared, that Emily should take cold if they remained out any longer, having only a veil of the thinnest texture pinned over her hair—they, therefore, returned to the house: where, instead of finding, as they expected, the company preparing to depart; they perceived them just set in again to dancing, with as much apparent glee as ever.

Emily sought out Olivia, who was by this time completely fagged, and heartily wishing that her guests would have the



kindness to take themselves off. “ If  
“ they did not,” she whispered Emily,  
“ she must leave them by themselves; for,  
“ much longer she felt it would be out of  
“ her power to support an appearance even  
“ of cheerfulness.” “ Emily proposed  
“ that she should go out of the room and  
“ have a cup of tea; for, was she to or-  
“ der it in there, and invite her guests to  
“ partake of it, in all probability she would  
“ not get rid of them till a late hour the  
“ next morning.” Having complied with  
this advice she felt somewhat revived;  
though before the last of the company  
went away, which was not before seven  
in the morning, she was so much over-  
come, and felt so ill from mere fatigue,  
that she was compelled to quit the room,  
and was carried to her own chamber, in  
a state very little removed from insensi-  
bility.

Emily felt much alarmed at her friend’s  
indisposition, though it was very easily  
accounted for; and she trusted that a

few hours sleep would effectually restore her. She staid with her until she was, in some degree, recovered, and just ready to step into bed, and then, thoroughly tired, went to her own chamber.

Here she found Madeline fast asleep along the chairs, where she had been enjoying a sound nap for the last four hours. She, however, heard her mistress come in, and rising hastily, apologised for thus forgetting herself; whilst half asleep, and half awake, she proceeded to assist Emily in divesting herself of the finery, with which she had been adorned.

This occupation completely aroused Madeline, who had been much refreshed by her sound sleep upon the chairs; and she would fain have entered into a long discourse with Emily, concerning the vile, abominable, indecent dress of the ladies, who, she declared, had hardly got any clothes on at all; had she not been prevented by Emily; who told her, “she could not listen to any thing she had

“to say then, though she should be  
“very willing to hear all she had to re-  
“mark upon the subject the following  
“morning.”

“Ah, well!—I don’t wonder at it at  
“all,” said Madeline--“we are not used  
“to these doings at our house, are we,  
“Miss Emily?—No, to be sure, how  
“should you be able to listen to me to-  
“night, for I should always call it so  
“till I’ve been to bed, if I was to sit up  
“till noon-day. Why, you are as white  
“as a sheet now!—And do you know,  
“one of the house-maids tells me, that  
“some of these naked wenusses, (as John  
“the footman called ’em, I don’t know  
“what he means though) are at this  
“raking work every night. Only think  
“Miss Emily,—why, they must be as  
“strong as cart-horses!—For if you or  
“I was to keep it up in this manner on-  
“ly one week, it is great odds, but we  
“should be dead corpses at the end of  
“it.”

Emily could not forbear smiling, though she could not but acknowledge, that there was much of truth in this observation of Madeline's; but being now nearly undressed, she wished her good night, and advised her, likewise, to retire to bed as speedily as possible. The sun glared in so brightly through the crevices of the window-shutters, that Emily felt it almost a shame to retire to bed; but fatigue overpowered every other consideration, and she had scarcely laid her head upon her pillow, before she sunk into a deep repose.

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## CHAP. V.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest charms decoy,  
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

GOLDSMITH.

**W**HEN Emily again entered the breakfast-parlour, the clock on the mantle-piece announced it to be nearly one. She felt shocked to think how much she had overslept herself, and was again leaving the room in search of Olivia, whom, she supposed, had breakfasted long ago, when she met her at the entrance; and was not sorry to find, that this was, likewise, only her first appearance down



stairs. Olivia, Emily was happy to find, had slept away her fatigue; and, except being a little languid, had no remaining symptom of indisposition. Henry entered soon after; and began to rally them upon their pensive looks, saying—  
“He feared they would never be able to  
“enter the lists with the fashionables of  
“the present day, if one night’s business  
“so did them up. But you will be initiated in time,”—added he—“and grow  
“accustomed to it:—though how the  
“devil some of your thorough-bred  
“routers stand it as they do, I cannot  
“tell!—At it every night.—They may  
“look delicate; but curse me! if they  
“must not have the constitution of a  
“coal-porter!”

Emily said—“She should give it in  
“at the first setting off, for she did not  
“at all relish the first specimen.” And  
Olivia declared—“that she would not go  
“through such toil and labour again,  
“such heat and fatigue, for all the

“fashionables in the world, let them set  
“her down for a Nobody ever so. The  
“house is in such a confusion, too,” continued she, “every thing out of its proper place. I declare! as I crossed the  
“hall just now, if it did not make me  
“low-spirited, every part about it looked  
“so deplorable. We shall not be  
“thoroughly settled again for a month :  
“and the money that has been wasted !  
“Upon my honour! it will call a blush  
“into my cheeks whenever I think  
“of it.”

“They are devilish expensive jobs, to  
“be sure!” observed Henry :—“but,  
“however, we must go through this  
“business two or three times a year,  
“whether we will or no. If we mix with  
“the world, we must do as others do :—  
“though, I dare say, last night’s entertainment, taken altogether, will not be  
“less than eight or nine hundreds out of  
“our way.”

“My dear Henry,” cried Olivia—

“ what good we might have done with  
“ that sum, had it been applied in a diff-  
“ erent manner !—How many poor fami-  
“ lies might such a sum have rescued,  
“ perhaps, from misery !—How many  
“ poor creatures might it have fed, who  
“ are now, perhaps, perishing for want !”

“ As to feeding the poor,” returned  
Henry, laughing, “ you need not fidget  
“ yourself about that ; for many a poor  
“ devil, to my knowledge, partook of our  
“ bounty last night.”

“ But, they are not the poor I mean ;”  
said Olivia, seriously — “ if they are so, it  
“ can only be imputed to their own ex-  
“ travagance. I mean those honest, in-  
“ dustrious creatures, who——”

“ Pho ! Nonsense !” —cried he, inter-  
rupting her — “ I know what you mean  
“ very well ; but, as I suppose, even you  
“ will allow, we could not have invited  
“ these persons you speak of to our rout  
“ last night, why it is ridiculous to bring

“ them into our conversation at all upon  
“ this occasion.”

“ I merely mentioned the reflection as  
“ it passed through my mind, Henry,”  
said Olivia, seriously, yet mildly.

“ But it was ill-timed ;” — retorted he,  
quickly. “ It may be very well to give  
“ now and then a few shillings to a poor  
“ person, but, as to lavishing away hun-  
“ dreds in that manner, is talking ridi-  
“ culously. I see no necessity whatever  
“ for it.”

Olivia, finding their opinions on this  
subject not likely to assimilate, wisely  
forbore to continue the conversation, and  
immediately changed the discourse, by  
asking Emily — “ What time exactly she  
“ would wish her to be in Park Lane on  
“ the following morning ?” — This point  
being settled to their mutual satisfaction,  
and the breakfast being by this time con-  
cluded, Emily arose to depart ; as she  
wished to return home to dinner ; having

many little arrangements to make, preparatory to this most important era of her life.

Olivia would have accompanied her, had she been less fatigued; but, as it was, she said—"She would remain at home that day, that she might be properly recruited, and able to enjoy herself on the next; when Emily might rest assured she would be with her at the time appointed." Emily, therefore, rode back to town, attended only by Madeline; who appeared to have forgotten what she had to say concerning the ladies at the rout, and their no petticoats, in the joyous anticipation of her mistress's wedding-day.

"To-morrow, Miss Emily," said she—"ah! it is only till to-morrow that you will be Miss Emily. Then I must call you Mrs. Maitland, or Madam. Holy Virgin! I don't know how I shall bring my mind to it:—though, somehow, it comes natural to one, after a



“time, too.—There was Mrs. Henry, I  
“was always calling her what I shouldn’t  
“at first: it was Miss Vaversly, and Miss  
“Olivia, and every thing but what I  
“ought to have called her. I dare say  
“she was very much affronted at me;  
“though I can’t say as she ever scolded  
“me about it; but, if I had been in her  
“place, why I should myself. It is very  
“natural-like. If I was ever so lucky  
“as to be married, and to have a real  
“right to be called Mrs. I know no-  
“thing would make me madder, than to  
“hear any one say Madeline; or even if  
“I was a Miss I should not like it. I  
“should go nigh, I believe, to tell ’em a  
“piece of my mind.—But, do you think  
“that I ever shall be married, Miss  
“Emily?”

Emily was going to answer, that in all probability, she would by-and-bye; when she was interrupted by her companion, who called out, in a tone of vexation—  
“I declare now if here is not Mr. Ed-

“ward!—Well now, who would have  
“thought of meeting with him!”

He was, the next moment, at the side of the carriage; where he informed Emily, that he had sat out with the intention of going to Richmond, to escort her back; but, as he had thus opportunely met with her, he should not proceed on his expedition, but would take a seat in her vehicle, if she had no objection. His horse, therefore, was given into the charge of his servant, and he entered the carriage, whilst Madeline took her station, for the remainder of the ride, on the dicky-box with Jonathan.

Edward talked of the happiness they should enjoy in each other's society, on their return to the sweet seclusion of Melbury; and of the contrast which every scene would there present, to that, in which they had been engaged the night before: and continued so warmly to expatiate upon their opening prospects

of felicity, that the carriage stopt in Park Lane, before either of them were aware of being so near their own home.

Emily had but just time to change her dress, before the hour of dinner: and when it was concluded, and the servants had withdrawn, they finally settled their arrangements for the following day.— Edward was to receive the hand of Emily from Sir William; Miss Maitland and Olivia were likewise to accompany them to church; but the rest of the party were not expected to join them until the hour of dinner.

Miss Maitland had presented Emily with a handsome sum, that she might have it in her power entirely to new stock her wardrobe; at the same time giving her to understand, that she would, herself, settle with the milliner, in Bond Street, who, at the recommendation of Olivia, had been employed to make up the various articles they had together

purchased. Emily, however, had, from the first, determined, that the sum which her benefactress had so liberally bestowed upon her, should suffice to cover the whole expence; and she, therefore, dispatched Madeline to the house of Madame Levine, in Bond Street, as soon as dinner was over, with a message from herself to this effect—That, when the last articles of dress were sent home that evening, she should wish to have the bill; and, likewise, that Madame Levine would come herself to Park Lane, in order to receive the amount of it; as she wished to have it settled preparatory to her leaving town.

Madame promised immediate compliance; and told Madeline, she only wished, that more of her customers were of the same mind. “But, your lady “may depend upon having it,” added she, “for it shall be set about directly, “and I will come with it myself, some “time in the course of the evening.”

Accordingly, as they were sitting in the drawing-room, between tea and supper, discoursing on many interesting matters, Madeline entered to inform Emily, that she was wanted above stairs in the dressing-room. Emily, who was just then finally arranging some point with Miss Maitland, said—"she would follow her in a few minutes." Madeline then went back to the milliner; whom she found in some perplexity concerning a little defect she had discovered, in one of the articles she had brought with her. It was a leno cap lined with pink, the sarsnet of which appeared to have a spot of something dropt upon it, that had extracted the colour, and turned it white. Being just in the front, it shone through the fine texture of the leno, and appeared exactly like a hole.—"Bless me! now, what a careless trick this was!" exclaimed Madame Levine—"Let me see! —cannot I remedy it in any way?—



“ Yes;—Mrs.—what’s your name ?”—addressing Madeline.

“ Madeline, is my name;” answered she, quickly.

“ Well then, Mrs. Madeline, if you will only have the goodness to oblige me, with the smallest particle of your mistress’s rouge, and a little water, I can spread it over the place, and, I think, completely remedy the defect.”

“ Rouge !”—exclaimed Madeline — “ what do you think then my young lady paints ?”—and she felt so offended at the supposition, that she had half a mind to tell her, she might spare some off her own cheeks—which were indeed, sufficiently loaded with both white and red. — However, she contented herself with saying—“ that if she would give the whole world for it, she would not find a scrap in their house. — There is nobody requires it here,” added she, “ we are all young and good-looking enough without it.”

“ It improves the appearance of every  
“ one,”—observed Madame—“ young or  
“ old.”

“ La ! how can you say so, Madame ?”  
cried Madeline.—“ Did you ever see my  
“ Lady Overdo ?”

“ She is an exception certainly, I al-  
“ low ;”—replied the other :—“ but then,  
“ it is merely owing to her maid ; who  
“ injudiciously outsteps the modesty of  
“ Nature, and puts it on, with far too  
“ heavy a hand.”

“ I dare say it is her fault,” said Made-  
line, “ for she is an awkward cretur,  
“ that’s for certain—but, dear heart !  
“ what a figure. she makes of her !—I  
“ would not use my young lady so, for  
“ the world !—But, la ! I need not say  
“ that ; for I warrant Miss Emily would  
“ as soon eat paint, as let me dawb her  
“ cheeks all over with it. Besides, she’s  
“ handsome enough without : I might  
“ spoil her beauty, perhaps, but I

“ could never mend it, that I’m positive.”

Madame smiled at what she termed the ignorant simplicity of Madeline, but said — “ Your young lady seems to stand high in your good graces, I think; you speak of her as if she was a great favourite.”

“ Every body loves her;” — replied Madeline.

“ A relation of Sir William’s, I presume ?” — enquired Madame.

“ Not no more than you are;” — answered Madeline. “ But, however, that’s nothing at all to do with it; for they could not love her better, if she was their own relation ever so. If Sir William and his sister were not very fond of her, you may be sure they would not let her be married to his son; which she will be, by this time to-morrow, I hope !”

“ She has a large fortune, perhaps ?” — again enquired Madame.

“La! where was she to get it?” asked Madeline.

“Nay, I don’t know;” replied Madame—only I imagined, perhaps, that as “she was no relation, she might be a “ward, or something of that nature of “Sir William’s.”

“What! did you never hear how Miss “Maitland met with her a great, great “many years ago, in France?”

“In France!”—exclaimed Madame, as if struck with some sudden recollection. —“Did you say in France?—And her “name Doraton?—How many years is it “ago pray, since Miss Maitland met “with her?”

“Let me see!”—said Madeline—“I “have lived with her thirteen years come “next vintage, so I know it must be be- “fore that.”

“Thirteen years!”—repeated Madame, as if considering——then, after a short pause, said—“Will you have the good- “ness, Mrs. Madeline, to inform me of

“any particulars you may have heard, relative to their first meeting.”

Madeline immediately related all she knew of the affair; which was—“that as Miss Maitland was coming over to Raimondi, (that is my native village,” added she, “perhaps, as you are a countrywoman of mine, Madame, though I should never suppose so from your tongue, you may know something of it?)”

“Is it near Paris, then?”—enquired Madame.

“La! no; hundreds of miles away from it.—But I see you know nothing about it.—So, as I was saying, when Miss Maitland was coming over to Raimondi, (one of the delightfulest places as ever you see) why she happened to meet with our Miss Emily aboard a ship, so——”

“Emily!”—interrupted Madame—“is Miss Doraton’s name Emily?”



“La! yes.—Why who did you think I was talking about?”

“And this you say happened about thirteen years ago?—It is very strange!”

“Yes; it was something very odd indeed,” said Madeline; but it was a lucky day for her, when she happened to meet with Miss Maitland. For, when the woman died, who was, as I tell you, frightened to death aboard a ship, the Holy Virgin only knows what would have become of her, if she had not taken pity on her!—Poor thing! she might have pined herself to death! for nobody knew nothing of her, nor cared about her: and, as to where she came from; whose child she was; or, where she was going to; she knew no more than if she had never had a father or mother in her life.”

“But, did the woman who was with her then, die so suddenly, that no intel-

ligence could be gained from her, concerning the child, or where she was going to?"

"La ! no ; how you talk !—why she was struck speechless at one stroke.— And I don't wonder at it !—She was so bad all the way, poor soul ! whilst she was going over that terrible sea, that one of the veins suddenly snapt in her head.—Ah ! it was all over with her then !—She never opened her lips again. Nobody knew who she was, poor cretur !—no more they don't to this day."

"Do you at all recollect what sort of woman she was?"—interrogated Madame, with much seeming interest.

"It was before I came to live in the family.— I was born and bred at Rai-mondi, (and a pretty place you would say it is, if you was to see it) this all happened as they came along to my native village. Miss Emily was a very little girl then ; not more than six

“ years old ; so as the poor thing had no-  
“ body to stand up for her, when the  
“ woman was buried, Miss Maitland took  
“ her part, and brought her in her own  
“ carriage to Raimondi. She treated her  
“ for all the world as if she had been her  
“ own daughter ; and took me to be her  
“ maid. So, you see, it is an ill wind  
“ that blows no one any good, for I got  
“ into a good place through all this ;—  
“ and I come over to England with ’em,  
“ and have been with Miss Emily ever  
“ since. I never lived in no other family ;  
“ nor, I dare say, I never shall, till I go  
“ away to be married.”

“ Do you know where this meeting  
“ took place in France ? ” — enquired  
Madame.

“ I did once ;—but la, now !—if I have  
“ not forgot it : and that’s stupid enough  
“ too ! for we all called there, as we come  
“ along, in our way from Raimondi. I  
“ know, though, it was just before we  
“ got aboard that nasty vessel, as had

“liked to have been the death of me,  
“as well as the other poor soul—O! I  
“hope I shall never live to go upon the  
“sea again—for, I am sure it would be  
“the death of me!—I should never get  
“over it!”

“Did you come to England by way  
“of Calais?” — enquired Madame —  
“or——”

“Calais!” — interrupted Madeline —  
“no, that was not the name, I’m sure!  
“—but guess again, Madame; for, I do  
“think I should remember what it was,  
“if I heard it mentioned.”

“Was it Dieppe?”

“Bless me! why you are as good as  
“a witch! — Yes; that was the very  
“name of the place, sure enough! Dieppe  
“was the town we slept at, the last night  
“before we came over to England. O!  
“I shall never forget going aboard a-  
“ship from that Dieppe, (I can remem-  
“ber it now fast enough) never! if I  
“was to live to be as old as Methuselah!”

“ and he, they say, lived to a matter of a  
“ thousand years.”

“ You are sure that Sir William’s sister  
“ met with your young lady in the man-  
“ ner you have related, and that it was at  
“ Dieppe the meeting first took place ?”  
said Madame Levine.

“ Sure ?—why, do you think then I  
“ have been romancing all this while ?—  
“ No, Madame; to let you know, I never  
“ speaks any thing but what is true. If  
“ I was to tell stories, and fib as some  
“ folks do, as I hear talk, my young lady  
“ would soon send me a packing; for  
“ she hates a liar as bad as she does a  
“ toad; and she’s mortal timersome of a  
“ toad.”

The entrance of Emily into the dress-  
ing-room, put a stop to the conversation.  
Madame advancing paid her respects,  
though at first sight of Emily, she started,  
and appeared to change colour. Emily  
did not notice it, but begged to have  
the account. She desired Madame to sit



down for a few moments, whilst she looked it over; and then, in pursuance of her original intention, paid Madame Levine for the various articles it contained.— This point settled, Madame, after many thanks, and hopes that every thing would be as she had ordered it, prepared to depart: but Emily, looking at the dress which she was to wear on the following day, said—“ That she feared they had “ made it too fashionable about the “ sleeves; which appeared to her, as if “ they were infinitely too short.”

“ Will you try it on, ma’am, before I “ go ?”—asked Madame:—“ if you do “ not approve of them, some alteration “ can be effected, I dare say.”

“ I think it will be better for me to do “ so ;” said Emily—“ for, in the morn- “ ing, when I am to put it on, it will “ be too late to have any alteration “ made.”

The dress, therefore, which was a sprig-

ged leno, lined with white sarsnet, was slipped on ; and the sleeves were, as Emily feared would be the case, so fashionably short, that, though ever averse to give trouble, where it could possibly be avoided, yet, in this instance, she said, she must be under the necessity of doing so, and of having them lengthened, in some sort of way or other.

“ I never like to overdo the fashion,” continued she, “ at any rate, nor upon  
“ any occasion ; and short sleeves I have  
“ an aversion to, from thinking them in-  
“ delicate. Besides, they would not at  
“ all suit me ; for I have an ugly scar  
“ here on one of my arms, which would  
“ not have an agreeable appearance if I  
“ was to exhibit myself in an exactly fa-  
“ shionable costume. Neither could I  
“ bear the idea of exposing myself in that  
“ way—but I should think, Madame, you  
“ might manage to alter it, without giv-  
“ ing yourself the trouble to make new

“sleeves; by dropping the lace a little lower; which I should think would answer every purpose.”

“O, yes;—ma’am—yes—I think it would—but—a scar, did you say?—Is it on your right arm, or on your left?”

“Here;”—said Emily, “as the sleeves are now, you may see it, through the lace. But, you think then, Madame, that letting it down, will answer the purpose?”

“O, yes;—quite; it shall be done directly. But—this scar—it is a pity so white an arm should be covered——will you allow me to ask how it was occasioned?—It could not proceed, I should think, from inoculation.”

“O, no;”—replied Emily—“it was from a hurt I received in my infancy, at least, when I was about three years old.”

“Do you remember how you did it, Miss Emily?”—asked Madeline—for,

“it is a frightful looking place, sure  
“enough.”

“I can but just remember it ;”—answered Emily. “I do not know what I  
“was doing, or how I came there, but I  
“fell off a very high dumb-waiter, after  
“climbing up to the top of it, and struck  
“my arm with so much violence against  
“the sharp corner of a dining-table, that  
“I was severely wounded, and have had  
“this scar remaining upon my arm ever  
“since.”

“Holy Virgin!—Madame!”—screamed Madeline—“what are you going to  
“do with your scissars?—You must be  
“beside yourself!—Why, you are going  
“to cut through Miss Emily’s new  
“lace!”

“Excuse me?”—said Madame, in a sort of trembling agitation—“but—I—  
“really—do not feel very well.”

“Do not fatigue yourself then any  
“more, pray,” said Emily—“but sit  
“down, and Madeline will fetch you a

“glass of water. I fear I have hurried  
“you too much in preparing the things,  
“with so short a notice; but, do not  
“trouble yourself any further; I dare  
“say, I can put Madeline in a way to  
“make the little alteration, which I con-  
“sider necessary.”

“You are very kind: I am infinitely  
“obliged to you, I am sure, ma’am;  
“but it is not that—I don’t know what  
“came over me, not I. But, you will  
“excuse me—I am rather hurried—and  
“shall be wanted at home.—I will take  
“your dress with me, and the defect shall  
“be removed immediately.”

“You will not forget, Madame, to let  
“me have it again this evening, as to-  
“morrow,” said Emily, “I shall have  
“to put it on, the first thing in the morn-  
“ing. But you had better not go yet,  
“Madame, you are all in a tremble  
“now.”

“I thank you, ma’am;”—said she, in



much agitation—"but I am better now,  
"and have no time to lose. The water  
"I have drank has been of service to me.  
"I shall take a coach, and I shall be  
"home in a minute. Good evening  
"to you, ma'am;—you may rely upon it,  
"that you shall hear from me—that  
"is—I mean, that you shall have the  
"dress."

Madame Levine then left the house.

"She might have wished you happy, I  
"think, Miss Emily,"—said Madeline,  
(when she had quitted the apartment)—  
"when she knew, too, for a certainty,  
"as you was agoing to be married to-  
"morrow. But, for my part, somehow,  
"I thought she was cracked all the  
"while she was here:—and if you had  
"seen her, whilst you was looking over  
"the bill, you would never have forgot  
"her!—She stared! as if she would  
"have stared you through. And then,  
"what a clever hand she is for a milliner!

“ —why, she had nearly, if I had not  
“ prevented her, cut all through your  
“ handsome new lace, that you bought  
“ for your wedding gown.—Sure, she  
“ could never have been so terribly  
“ frightened at the sight of a scar, as all  
“ that comes to!—and how inquisitive  
“ she was about it !”

“ I did not perceive that she was im-  
“ pertinent so ;” —answered Emily—  
“ it was natural she should ask how it  
“ came. Though, now I recollect, Ma-  
“ deline, it was yourself who asked that  
“ question. Poor woman ! I fear she  
“ has hurried herself about my things :  
“ —there were a great many to be made  
“ up in so short a time. I feel quite  
“ concerned about it ; for she was evi-  
“ dently very much flurried, and I should  
“ not be surprised to hear that she was to  
“ be very ill.”

“ There now, that will take off all  
“ your pleasure to-morrow, Miss Emily ;”

said Madeline—" but, I dare say, she'll  
" be very well again, when she's had a  
" good night's rest, (for the people told  
" me when I went to her house this af-  
" ternoon, that they had been up all  
" night to get 'em done)—and if it will  
" be any pleasure to you, I can just run  
" down as far as Bond Street in the morn-  
" ing, and see how she does."

" Up all night !" — cried Emily — " I  
" declare I would not have had them  
" done, if I had known that was to be  
" the case. I could just as well have  
" waited for every thing else, but the  
" dress I am to wear to-morrow. I hope  
" the poor woman will not have any ill-  
" ness through my means, for I should  
" never forgive myself if that was to be  
" the case."

" O! but I forgot, Miss Emily, that  
" was my mistake. *She* was not up all  
" night; it was only the young ladies,  
" who she keeps to work for her. I had

“ a nice piece of chatter with them, you  
“ must know ; and, I must say, they  
“ did not seem much the worse for it.—  
“ They were all astitching away, in a  
“ little back parlour ; and when Madame  
“ went out to speak to some lady, they  
“ asked me all manner of questions,  
“ about your going to be married. Whe-  
“ ther the bridegroom was handsome?—  
“ they had seen you, they said ; and  
“ would give a trifle to have a peep at  
“ him. Then they asked me whether  
“ you was very much in love with one  
“ another ; whether you was to go to  
“ church ; and a power of questions of  
“ that sort : and so I told ’em all about  
“ it. They were very much obliged to  
“ me, they said. And I should, I be-  
“ lieve, have chattered till this time,—  
“ (they were such a parcel of agreeable  
“ girls,) only, I feared, you, Miss Emily,  
“ might want me. So I wished ’em  
“ good-bye ; though, I declare I was  
“ sorry to leave ’em, for I never met

“ with such a merry party before in my  
“ life. I declare ! I should not dislike  
“ being a milliner !—such a many people  
“ always ready to talk to. Only, I  
“ minded, as they never said nothing be-  
“ fore Madame ; so, if she sits much  
“ with ’em, why there’s an end to all  
“ their sport at once.”

“ Well, I am happy to hear these  
“ poor young women are so merry and  
“ comfortable,” said Emily ; “ but I  
“ am really very sorry, that any persons  
“ should have been so much inconve-  
“ nienched, as to sit up at work all night  
“ on my account. I hope they will not  
“ suffer by it !”

Emily then left the dressing-room, and returned to that, in which the family were assembled ; where she found an addition to the company, in the person of Mr. Grenfell ; who had called in to supper, and to settle the exact time of their meeting at St. George’s Church, on the following day.



## CHAP. VI.

The spider's most attenuated thread  
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
 On earthly bliss : it breaks at every breeze.

YOUNG.

**I**N the mean time, the feelings of Lord Vaversly were undergoing a species of torture, from the reflection, that he was about to see the woman he adored resign herself for ever to another. How to escape being one of the party on the wedding-day, he knew not ; or what excuse he could reasonably make for absenting himself upon so very particular an occasion. Yet he could not resolve to witness it. Sometimes, he felt half

inclined to make to his friend Edward a confession of the real truth; but the next moment would reject such an idea, as wild, ridiculous, and impossible. He knew the friendship of Edward to be such, that a confession of this nature would not fail to operate as an alloy to his felicity; and he, therefore, finally determined, to confine it for ever, within the secret recesses of his own bosom.

Though Pride still whispered that she could never have been his wife—yet, however contradictory it may seem, he loved her with the fondest! the purest affection!—He ardently wished her happy:—with Edward he felt assured she would be so:—but *he* could not witness it. He could not endure the idea of listening to the transports of his more fortunate friend, upon this happy occasion. He felt how impossible it would be to assume an appearance of indifference—and he feared to betray himself.—He resolved, therefore, not to join the

party; yet what excuse to make without offending the family, he knew not.

Sometimes, he thought he would endeavour to conquer his feelings, and try to assume an appearance of composure, sufficient to meet them all at dinner:—but then, he dreaded the raillery of his sister; and the remarks, which his sad appearance would, in all probability, call forth from others of the family. To be gay upon such an occasion, would, he felt, be far beyond his utmost efforts—and, therefore, after many debatings in his own mind, and much harassing reflection upon the subject, he resolved to absent himself. Not by sending any excuse; he could think of none that would satisfy him, or offer any reasonable pretext for keeping away; but by pleading indisposition on the day itself, which he determined to spend alone in the retired solitude of his own chamber.

Time, he hoped, would restore his lost

peace, and enable him to view the felicity of persons so dear to him, without those acute sensations, which now agonised his whole frame, at the bare idea of their union. But, he felt, that time alone could effect this ;—and, therefore, it was his intention, to travel through various parts of England for some months, (the continent being effectually closed against him) — and, by the end of that period, he flattered himself, with being able, so far to have subdued this unfortunate partiality, as to see Emily the wife of his friend, without any of those torturing sensations, which now agitated his feelings almost to distraction.

The happy day, at length dawned, on which the nuptials were to be celebrated. Emily had given orders to Madeline to call her early ; but finding very little inclination to sleep, and perceiving the sun shining brightly through her chamber window, she left her bed much before her usual hour, and throwing on

a morning gown, seated herself by the window which overlooked the park, until such time as Madeline should make her appearance.

Here she fell into a deep musing on the happy prospect that lay before her—which, at one time, she had so utterly despaired of attaining. In a few hours she should be the wife of Edward! the sole, the undivided possessor of her heart. Sometimes, she feared to indulge, or give way to, the extatic idea, and could scarcely believe but it was a dream. That she should be united to Edward;—that Sir William should consent to receive her as his daughter—were circumstances she had once considered so improbable, that she feared to give way to the pleasing sensations she could not avoid feeling, lest the whole should turn out nothing more than a mere visionary fancy.

“Can it indeed be true,” said she, mentally, —“will Sir William really receive me as his daughter, as a part of



“ his family? — I — who am nobody — a  
“ mere outcast — who know not even  
“ whether I have a right to the name I  
“ bear. Alas! my dear benefactress! —  
“ what should I have been, had not  
“ your kindness snatched me from po-  
“ verty, and a state of friendless wretch-  
“ edness, to make me what I am? — All  
“ this felicity! this happiness! do I owe  
“ to you. — Ah! have I not cause to bless  
“ the very name of Maitland! — Edward  
“ — to you alone, by my unwearied fond-  
“ ness, and solicitous attention to your  
“ happiness, can I in any way repay the  
“ many, many obligations under which  
“ I labour — but the debt can never be  
“ cancelled — nor do I wish it. — May  
“ it ever be remembered by me, to the  
“ latest hour of my existence!”

In the indulgence of these, and similar reflections, she passed a considerable length of time, until they were interrupted by Madeline, who entered the room softly; but seeing her mistress up, point-

ed to the window, and said—"the day  
"seemed made on purpose for the occa-  
"sion; as it would have been sadly  
"ominous to have had a wet one."

"It would not have been so pleasant,  
"certainly," observed Emily, "but I  
"do not see how it could make any  
"other difference to us."

"O! but it would, Miss Emily;" said  
she—"but I really must begin to break  
"myself in, and call you Ma'am—O!  
"but it would, Ma'am, I ought to have  
"said—(la! how odd it sounds! but  
"I must do it, you know, if it's ever so  
"odd)—let me see, what was I saying?—  
"O—that it was ominous for to have a  
"wet day for to be married in. "Happy  
"is the bride that the sun shines on," is  
"an old saying; and, I believe, a very  
"true one;—for there was old Sarah's  
"daughter at the park lodge—but la!  
"Miss Emily, if we stand chattering  
"here, you won't be drest in time, that's

“ for certain !—perhaps you don’t know  
“ how late it is ? ”

Emily indeed had not thought of the hour, and was astonished, on looking at her watch, to find it on the point of eight. She, therefore, took Madeline’s advice, and began to equip herself in her new apparel, which had been altered by Madame, and was now more within the bounds of decency and moderation.—Madeline was so busy about her mistress—“ this, was so beautiful !—that, was so  
“ handsome !—and as to yourself, Miss  
“ Emily,” said she, (when she had put the finishing stroke to her dress, and was giving into her hand her gloves)—“ as  
“ to yourself, though I say it, that should  
“ not say it, you are as nice as a new pin ;  
“ and look so pretty in your wedding  
“ gown, that in my mind, you would  
“ make a proper wife for the Prince of  
“ Wales himself.”

“ A far happier lot awaits me, Made-

line, I trust," said Emily:—"but hark!—did I not hear a knock at the hall-door?"

Madeline flew to listen.

"It is only Mrs. Henry," said she, again entering the dressing-room; "and I do think I hear her coming up the stairs." Olivia almost immediately opened the door.

"Emily, my dear Emily!" said she, fondly embracing her, "let me congratulate you on the arrival of this happy day!—Now we shall, indeed, be sisters!—Have I not been very good to come so early? Believe me, I left Henry fast asleep; I could not persuade him to come with me; so I e'en left him, at last, as he desired I would, to finish his nap in comfort. I am afraid you will call him an idle fellow; and I am not sure he does not deserve it; but mind now, I will not have him abused in his absence, for I allow nobody to find fault with my husband

“ but myself. So, you are ready, I see ;  
“ pray, have you made your appearance  
“ down stairs yet ?”

“ No ;” replied Emily.

“ Come, make haste then, for it is get-  
“ ting late ; and here you are, sitting as  
“ composed as if nothing was going for-  
“ ward. I dare say they are all waiting  
“ breakfast for us, in the drawing-room,  
“ where, you know, it was agreed, we  
“ should all assemble in honour of the  
“ day. We shall have Master Edward,  
“ I suppose, finely impatient ; — come,  
“ shall I run down first and see ?”

“ If you please, my dear Olivia,” said  
Emily, (whose heart palpitated at the  
idea of going down amongst them) “ and  
“ I will follow you almost immediately.”

“ I do really think,” said Olivia, play-  
fully, (for the occasion inspired her with  
even unusual spirits) — “ I do think you  
“ have been touching up a little this  
“ morning, Emily, with a malicious in-  
“ tent of bearing away the palm of beau-



“ty from poor me : for I never saw you  
“with such a blooming colour before,  
“the many long years we have been ac-  
“quainted. Confess, now, is not this  
“the fact ?”

Emily smiled. But Madeline, who really thought she was in earnest, immediately exclaimed — “la ! Mrs. Henry, do you think Miss Emily would be  
“so very wicked as to paint ?”

“I did not know, Madeline,” replied Olivia, in seeming earnestness, “what  
“you two might have been planning  
“against me : I found you closeted up  
“together, you know.”

“O ! Mrs. Henry !” — cried Madeline, with much earnestness, “don’t go for to  
“think that Miss Emily paints. Indeed,  
“indeed ! she’s no more dawbed over  
“with that nasty stuff, than you or I  
“are. She looks so pretty ; you may  
“well think so ; but it’s all her own natural flesh and blood, aye, as sure as  
“you’re alive !”

“ I know it, I know it, Madeline,” — said Olivia, “ I was only joking ; but I really think I never saw her look so well in my whole life. However, I will run down to the drawing-room ; and you will follow me then, will you, Emily ? ”

Emily said, “ she would be with them in a few moments ; ” and Olivia, tripped gaily down the stairs.

Emily, however, though she was quite ready, delayed for a short time, from an unwillingness of she knew not what ; but her heart beat with an emotion she could not define ; and she was seated still irresolute, when the voice of Olivia was heard, at the bottom of the stairs, calling out to know if she was coming ; and, to say, “ that they waited breakfast for her.”

She now felt the necessity of joining the party below ; but an agitation pervaded her whole frame as she descended, which she vainly endeavoured to con-

quer. She did her utmost, however, to assume an appearance of fortitude, and felt vexed with herself, that she was not more successful. Edward met her at the drawing-room door, and with a countenance sparkling with joy and animation, led her to a seat, and then placed himself beside her. She received the warm congratulations of all parties; and Sir William, fondly embracing her, welcomed her as his daughter. Her emotion was extreme—the united effects of gratitude and joy nearly overpowered her.

Olivia, however, by her sportive sallies, as she presided at the breakfast table, soon decked the face of Emily in smiles; and she was beginning, in some degree, to recover her composure, when a footman entered, and presented her with a letter; “which,” he said, “had been just left at the door by a man on horseback, who charged him to give it to Miss Doraton immediately, as it was of the greatest consequence.”

“For me?”—said Emily—“sure it  
“could not be meant for me.”

“I am positive he said for Miss Do-  
“raton,” resumed the footman; “be-  
“sides, it is directed to you, Ma’am, so  
“there can be no mistake.”

“Did not the man say where he came  
“from, James?”—asked Edward.

“No, Sir; he merely gave in the  
“letter, with a strict charge that it  
“should be delivered immediately, and  
“the next moment galloped away.”

James then left the room.

“I dare say,” said Olivia, “that it is  
“some copy of verses, or flourishing epi-  
“thalamium on your marriage.—I would  
“lay any wager it begins with—“For you,  
“my fair, this happy day”—or some  
“nonsense to that effect.—Why, you  
“have not opened it yet, I declare!—  
“Bless me!—Emily, what are you made  
“of?—why, you have no curiosity in  
“your composition!—Come, come, do  
“open it, there’s a good girl, for I am all

“ in a fidget to know what fine rhapsody  
“ it contains.”

Curiosity was not a feeling peculiar to Olivia at this moment, for every one of the party were anxiously solicitous to know the contents of a letter thus strangely delivered. Emily, however, continued to turn it over in her hand, now examining the superscription, then the seal, without opening it, or knowing very well what she was doing, (the receipt of it had caused her such surprise) until the voice of Miss Maitland, who was particularly anxious to know from whom it came, brought her to her recollection, by saying—“ my dear, had  
“ you not better open your letter ?”

“ O, yes ;” replied Emily, “ who then  
“ unfolded it.”

“ Now for it then ;” said Olivia.

Emily, however, had scarcely read one line before every particle of the colour, which Olivia had been complimenting her upon, fled from her cheeks, and her



hand trembled so violently, that the paper seemed every instant in danger of dropping from her fingers. Every eye was turned towards her; and Miss Maitland, convinced that it must contain some very alarming information, enquired, with the fond solicitude of a truly maternal affection, "what it was  
"that so evidently distressed her?"

"O!—read it"—said Emily, in almost breathless agitation.

"Permit me, my dear Emily?" said Edward, attempting to take from her hand the paper—for her countenance and manner alarmed him exceedingly.

"O, no!—you—must not;" said she, as quickly as she could articulate the words—"yet—you must—too—but—."

"My dear Emily!" said he, "what is  
"the matter?—you are very ill!—never  
"mind the paper!—Aunt, have you  
"your salts about you?"

Emily, however, though very near it, had not exactly fainted, but her counte-

nance still wore an appearance so death-like, that, for a few moments every other consideration was obliterated from their minds.

The salts in some degree revived her; and Miss Maitland, naturally anxious to know what could occasion an emotion so violent, (though she allowed much for the perturbation of spirits, natural to the purpose for which they were all assembled) once more begged to see the letter? It still lay on the ground, where it had fallen in the midst of the bustle caused by Emily's indisposition, and taking it up, read, with an emotion very little inferior to that of Emily, the following lines:

---

“As you value your Eternal happiness, go not to the Altar with Edward! —If you do—everlasting misery will be your portion!—The writer of this, will follow the messenger who brought it,

with all possible speed.—In the mean time, slight not this caution, but beware! —Go not the Altar with Edward!—If you do, you will lay up a store of wretchedness for your whole life!”

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On reading this earnest address, Miss Maitland was, likewise, too sensibly affected to permit her to speak. She continued to hold the letter in her hand, as if considering who could be the writer, but uttered not a word. Edward, who had been hitherto attending to Emily, now turned towards his aunt; and seeing the letter still in her hand, on which she was intently gazing, with a countenance scarcely less pallid than was that of Emily; exclaimed — “for Heaven’s sake! my dear aunt, what is the meaning of all this?”

“Aye, who is the letter from, Ellinor?” —asked Sir William. “It must surely

“contain something very dreadful, if I  
“may judge from the effect it seems to  
“have taken upon you and Emily. She  
“looks, poor girl! the very semblance of  
“death itself; and you have scarcely  
“a grain more colour in your own face.”

“It has shocked me a good deal, I  
“must confess;” replied Miss Maitland:—  
“though I do not know that much stress  
“is to be laid upon the assertions of an  
“anonymous writer.”

“Anonymous! — is it?” — cried Edward — “then it is not worth a thought,  
“whatever it may be. Some scandalous  
“intimation as to character, perhaps? —  
“But we have been too long acquainted,  
“and know each other too well, to suffer  
“any thing of that kind to give us any  
“lasting uneasiness; though we may,  
“perhaps, feel a little vexation, at finding  
“that we have enemies, who would wish  
“to undermine our happiness.”

“Alas! I fear,” said Emily, in trem-

bling accents, “that this person knows  
“more than—than——”

“Ah! that’s ever the way with these  
“blighters of other people’s happiness,  
“my dear Emily,” cried Edward—“they  
“shelter themselves under concealment,  
“and pretend,——But, do pray aunt, let  
“me read this precious scrawl?”

“Your father has just finished it;”  
said Miss Maitland.

Edward took the paper eagerly from his father, (who resigned it to his son without comment,) but had no sooner glanced his eye over the contents, than his colour visibly heightened, and he walked to the window. It seemed to possess the power of enchaining the faculties of every one who read it, for he, likewise, spoke not for some time—during which the silence was universal:—each being completely enveloped by their own reflections, upon this very astonishing and unaccountable proceeding.



Olivia had read it over the shoulder of Sir William ;—and though equally astonished with the others, and bewildered in conjecture, she was the first to break the silence, by asking Miss Maitland—“ Whether she could at all imagine, or guess who was the writer of it ?”

“ No ; I have not the most remote idea ;” replied she, “ or to what they can possibly allude, as an obstacle likely to prevent this alliance, on which we have all set our hearts. I wish we had detained the messenger ! he might, perhaps, have afforded us some clue, by which to have discovered the writer.”

“ Such an address as this,” cried Edward, again coming forward, with the paper in his hand—“ such an address as this, does not deserve a moment’s attention.—It is done with a malicious motive you may depend upon it !—We have enemies, my dear Emily !—but in this instance they shall be disappointed—and the misery with which they

“ threaten us, will then be made only to  
“ recoil upon themselves.”

“ O, Edward !”—said Emily, mourn-  
fully—“ it would be wrong, surely, to  
“ proceed in defiance of this earnest ad-  
“ juration—perhaps—you will not doubt  
“ my affection ;—alas ! you need not, for  
“ I have ever loved you—but—I know  
“ not what I am saying.—Perhaps,—for  
“ I cannot agree with you in thinking it  
“ the production of an enemy—the writer  
“ —may—know something of my pa-  
“ rents.”

“ But, admitting such a possibility,  
“ my dear Emily,” resumed Edward, “ I  
“ see no reason why our union should be  
“ delayed. If you was the daughter of a  
“ prince,” continued he, warmly, “ I  
“ must still adore you ! and was you the  
“ offspring of a beggar I should do the  
“ the same !—Who you are—is a matter  
“ of no consequence :—What you are—  
“ happily, I am not now to learn :—I  
“ know you to be amiable, virtuous, and

“ lovely !—I flatter myself our affection  
“ is mutual. — You sigh not for grandeur ;  
“ neither would it add to my happiness.  
“ — Therefore, what matters it from  
“ whom you derive your origin ?— But,  
“ I am not inclined to consider this in  
“ the same light you do ;—depend upon  
“ it, my dear Emily, it is the compo-  
“ sition of an enemy. — Had there been  
“ any real motive for our separation, or,  
“ had it been written with any friendly  
“ intention, the name of the writer would  
“ not have been withheld.

“ Alas ! Edward,” said Emily, “ who  
“ is there that could have any interest in  
“ our separation !”

“ I know not, who they are, my dear  
“ Emily !” replied he — “ but in this  
“ world there are people of a nature so  
“ malevolent; that, like Milton’s Satan,  
“ they envy the happiness, which them-  
“ selves can never taste ; and, like him,  
“ are restless and impatient, until that

“happiness is either interrupted or destroyed.”

“There are too many such to be found, Edward, I am afraid ;” said Sir William ; “but, if you observed, the writer of this letter, whoever he is, holds out a sort of conditional promise, that he will follow the messenger who brought it, in order, I suppose, to clear up, what, at present, appears a mystery. We shall see in the course of a few hours, whether this promise is kept ;—if not, I think no further attention should be paid, to this strange, incomprehensible letter.”

“A few hours, Sir !”—cried Edward—“why the day will be then half over—“you forget, surely, that it will then be too late to have the ceremony performed.—Upon my honour, Sir ! I see no reason why we should bestow even another moment’s attention upon this worthless, anonymous writer !—Emily ! what

“do you say, my dear girl?—You will  
“not, surely, cast me off upon the faith  
“of a vile incendiary, who dares not  
“even avow himself?—Ah! no; I know  
“you better!—Come, it is now nearly  
“the time when the carriages were or-  
“dered;—Mr. Grenfell will be waiting;  
“—let us not delay the completion of  
“our happiness, by paying our vows to  
“each other in the presence of the Al-  
“mighty; and we may then bid defiance  
“to every artful insinuation, which envy  
“may invent to part us.”

A contrariety of feelings agitated the bosom of Emily, as Edward thus passionately addressed her.—“Her affection—  
“her inclination, led her to oblige him,  
“by consenting immediately to accom-  
“pany him to St. George’s;” but the words—“If you do, Eternal misery will  
“be your portion”—still swam before her eyes, and she shuddered to think what might follow, should she suffer herself to be prevailed on. As these thoughts passed



through her mind, her agitation was extreme—her colour varied every minute. At one time she resolved to brave every menace, every difficulty, and give herself to Edward—but then, what might be the consequence!—Yet, what had she to fear?—That the writer of the letter had any knowledge of her parents, was merely a vague surmise; one, which did not wear much the appearance of probability; and, even admitting, that she should ever have the happiness of discovering them, they could have very little regard for her, if they did not rejoice in seeing her the happy, fortunate wife of Edward.

She began, at last, to entertain a similar opinion with him, that the letter had been merely written with a malicious view of frustrating their dawning felicity, and, that it would be silly to let it interrupt the ceremony, which was to secure that felicity for their whole lives. Edward, likewise, represented this, in the most forcible point of view, and, at

length, so intirely persuaded her, that the letter was a mere envious fabrication, not deserving a moment's attention, that she no longer made any opposition to his wishes, but agreed to abide by their original plan, of going almost immediately with him to the church.

Neither Sir William or Miss Maitland knew very well how, or what to advise. They could not but own that the random assertions of an anonymous writer, were entitled to little credit; yet they were both rather inclined to delay the marriage until the following day.

Edward, however, opposed the delay by every argument he could think of; and, at length, succeeded in convincing them, as he had before done his betrothed Emily, that it would be highly ridiculous to postpone the intended ceremony, merely because some person, envious of their felicity, chose to take this method of interrupting it.

As the carriages had been some time in

waiting, Madeline was directly ordered to bring down Emily's mantle and veil. It was now half an hour past eleven; and at a quarter before twelve, they had appointed to meet Mr. Grenfell at the church, so that now they had come to a decision, there was no time to lose.

"Dear me! Miss Emily," said Madeline, as she was tying on her mistress's veil, "I declare! if you don't tremble all over like an aspin leaf!—If you don't hold a little stiller, I couldn't tie the bow if it was ever so."

"I will do it myself, Madeline;" said Emily, in a voice almost inarticulate from agitation—for, though she had thus consented, the words—"Eternal misery will be your portion,"—were ever present to her mind; and she was more than once on the point of retracting her consent—from which she was alone withheld, by the imploring looks of her beloved Edward.

"Do it yourself?—Miss Emily," said

Madeline, “ why you could no more do  
“ it, than you could fly !—There, thanks  
“ to the Holy Virgin ! its finished at  
“ last ; and now there’s only the mantle ;  
“ but stay ; — shall I loop up your gown ?  
“ —Here, I’ll kneel down, and do it.  
“ Dear me ! who’s a pushing so at the  
“ door ?—You can’t come in for a mi-  
“ nute or so, till I’ve looped up my  
“ mistress’s gown—She’s in a very great  
“ hurry.”

“ Be as quick then, Madeline, as you  
“ can, will you ;” said James—“ for here  
“ is a lady below who wishes to see Miss  
“ Doraton immediately.

“ A lady !” exclaimed Edward—“ Who  
“ is it, James ? Make way, Madeline,  
“ will you ? and let him come in to the  
“ room.”

“ I don’t know, Sir ;” —replied the  
man, as he entered. “ She was a total  
“ stranger to me ; besides, I could not  
“ well see her face, for she had one of  
“ them long lacey-things on, like Miss

“Doraton’s, that hung down to her very  
“toes.”

“Veils ;” said Madeline—“la! don’t  
“you know the name of ’em?”

“Why did you not ask her up here,  
“James?” enquired Sir William.

“I did not know that you would ap-  
“prove of it, Sir, on such a particular  
“occasion ;—I did ask her, her name ;  
“but she said, it was of no consequence ;  
“she only wished to be shewn into a  
“private room, and that I would inform  
“Miss Doraton, that a lady would be  
“glad to speak to her, alone, for a few  
“moments, on an affair of the utmost  
“consequence.”

“How provoking she should happen to  
“come just now!” said Madeline :  
“hindering people just when they’re go-  
“ing to be married.”

“I will see her instantly ;” said Emily  
— though, at the same time, she trem-  
bled so excessively, she could hardly  
stand.



“Not alone, my dear Emily!” cried Edward;—“we know not who this woman is.—How did she come, James?—“By herself, and unattended?”

“She had nobody with her, Sir, that I saw;” answered he; “and she came, I believe, in a hack chaise with four horses; by the look of ’em, they seemed to have travelled at a rate rate, for they looked nearly done up, poor creatures!”

“It is, no doubt, the same person who wrote the letter,” said Emily, “and I will go to her immediately. You may tell her, James, that I will be with her in an instant. James withdrew.”

“I think it will be ‘advisable’ for you to see this lady, my dear,” said Miss Maitland, “but I do not know what to say about your going alone. Suppose I go with you?—or, shall Olivia?”

“It will be better, my dear Emily, to have some one with you;” resumed Ed-

ward—"if you are determined on seeing  
"this strange woman."

"No, Edward;" said Emily, firmly—  
"I will go alone.—She wished to speak  
"to me in private:—in our own house I  
"can be in no danger:—and if there  
"should be any thing of consequence to  
"communicate—any thing concerning  
"my parents—which, I hope!—I hope!  
"may—be—the case!—then, the presence  
"of another person might check the in-  
"formation, perhaps, which this lady  
"may be able to afford me."

Though eagerly solicitous to obtain  
any clue, that might, eventually, lead  
to a discovery of her origin, yet the emo-  
tion of Emily was such, as very nearly  
to prevent her utterance: she was com-  
pelled to sit down for a few moments to  
recover herself: but still persisting in her  
determination of seeing this lady alone,  
no further opposition was made; and  
when she grew a little more composed,

Edward accompanied her to the door of the dining-parlour, into which this person had been shewn—though, he assured her, he should not think of quitting the spot, until she again made her appearance.

He entreated her to remain no longer in the parlour, than she could possibly avoid it:—"for, we may yet be in time, "my dear Emily," said he, "if she does "not detain you long. I shall be impatient for your re-appearance; and "part with you now very reluctantly; "though, I hope, in a few minutes all "this seeming mystery will be at an end. "In the mean time, if you should have "occasion for my services, (for we know "not who this woman may be) I shall "be within call: for though I do not "mean to listen to your conversation, "(my Emily will not suspect me of it) "yet, I shall pace up and down the passage, till you are once more returned

“in safety to the arms of your faithful  
“Edward.”

“O ! never fear ;” said Emily :— “ why  
“you want to make a coward of me !—  
“but I will not detain you long”—at the  
same time endeavouring to muster her  
whole stock of courage. Some drops  
which Miss Maitland had given her in a  
glass of water, had greatly contributed to  
her revival ; and the hope of gaining  
some intelligence of her parents, (which  
she firmly believed was what the lady had  
to communicate) inspired her with forti-  
tude to brave, with apparent cheerfulness,  
this formidable interview, with a total  
stranger. “ Farewel ! Edward,” said she,  
as she opened the parlour door ; “ I shall  
“be with you again in a few minutes.” It  
closed after her ; and Edward remained  
in the passage, anxiously awaiting her  
return.

## CHAP. VII.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!  
 Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,  
 Rain-pouring clouds have darkened all the air,  
 Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field.

SCOTT.

WHEN Emily entered the parlour, the lady, who was standing before a fire-place, apparently occupied in examining a portrait of Henry, done when he was in petticoats, turned suddenly round, and, in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion, enquired — “ If she had the “ pleasure of speaking to Miss Doraton?”

With an emotion very little inferior to that of the stranger, Emily replied in the



affirmative; and pointing to a seat, placed herself on another at no great distance.

“ You—are—still Miss Doraton then ?  
“ —You are not married ? ” —said the lady.

“ No Madam.”

“ Heaven be praised ! ” —exclaimed the stranger—“ this misery at least is spared  
“ me !—I have not this crime to answer  
“ for ! ”

There was now a pause for a few minutes.—Emily trembled excessively. But, at length, finding the stranger did not speak, she gained sufficient courage to enquire — “ What were her commands  
“ with her ? ”

“ Excuse me ” —resumed the stranger—  
“ but—you have never known your pa-  
“ rents, I think ? ”

Emily’s heart beat violently.

“ Will you do me the favor,” continued the lady, “ to answer a few questions,  
“ relative to the manner in which you  
“ first became a resident in this family ? ”

“Willingly Madam ;” said Emily. “I know not whom I have the honor to address—but it is not secret:—and, perhaps,—perhaps, you may have some knowledge of those, to whom I owe my birth?”

“I—yes—I—don’t know”—replied the stranger, in evident agitation—“But, you are sure none of the family will interrupt us?”

Emily having satisfied her on this head, the lady proceeded to ask some questions concerning her first meeting with the Maitland’s, and, particularly, what was the name of the woman, who had previously had the care of her?

“I used to call her Dalton;” said Emily.—“but whether her name was really that, or Doraton, I am still at a loss.”

“How old was you when this happened?”

“About six; I believe,” replied Emily, “at least, so I have always judged.”

“Do you recollect where you came

“ from, or where you was going ; when  
“ this unfortunate event took place ? ”

“ No. At least I know no more than that  
“ I came from England, and was going  
“ to France. Till that period my life is  
“ a complete blank. I knew no one but  
“ Nurse Dalton, who some people are  
“ inclined to think must have been my  
“ mother—though I am positive I never  
“ called her so : and from the time she  
“ died, I owe every thing to the kind  
“ benefactress, who, by adopting me for  
“ her own, saved me from a fate the most  
“ abject, forlorn, and wretched ! ”

“ It was like her ! ” — exclaimed the  
stranger—“ her heart was ever the seat  
“ of soft humanity.”

“ You know her then ? ” — enquired  
Emily, quickly.

“ I—did—once ; ” — replied the stranger  
“ —but I am wandering from my pur-  
“ pose. It was at Dieppe, I think, that  
“ you so happily met with her ? — Pray  
“ —have you not—some kind of mark

“ upon your arm?—excuse these questions?—you may, perhaps, deem them impertinent—but, you know not how deeply interested I am in every particular!”

With a beating heart Emily drew up the lace of her sleeve, which covered the scar she had upon her right arm; and, as the lady drew aside her veil, to examine it more closely, Emily, for the first time saw her face—and it instantly struck her as a countenance familiar to her, though she could not distinctly recollect, where she had before seen it.

“ And you got this by a fall in your infancy,” said the stranger, “ when you lived with this Mrs. Dalton, who had the care of you?”

Emily related circumstantially the manner in which she had received the wound that caused it; the only circumstance, prior to her meeting with Miss Maitland, that she appeared to have any recollection of. Nor is this to be wondered at.

The fright, the first agony of the wound, and its succeeding painful consequences, (being a considerable time before it was healed) had made a deep impression upon her mind; and the scar ever afterwards remaining upon her arm, served constantly to keep the circumstance alive in her memory.

“I have no longer any doubt,” exclaimed the stranger, when she had finished the account: “Your own name of Emily Doraton—this scar—the name of Dalton—all—all convince me, that you are the child of ——.”

“Who?—Who?—my dear Madam”—cried Emily, in the most violent perturbation — “O! do you know my parents?”

“Do not thus agitate yourself, my dear,” said the stranger, “or I shall fear to tell you, that in me—you behold your mother!”

“Mother!”—exclaimed Emily—“Am I indeed so blest!—so happy! as to



“ have found a parent?—Oh ! by what  
“ fatal chance have we so long been  
“ separated ?”

“ I cannot now relate the particulars,”  
replied she ; “ but I have not a doubt re-  
“ maining of your being the child, of  
“ whose fate I have so long been igno-  
“ rant. Every circumstance you have  
“ related completely proves it. My child  
“ was placed in the care of a Mrs. Dal-  
“ ton, who was bringing her to me in  
“ France, and who died at Dieppe ; where  
“ I lost all traces of my child.—Emily  
“ Doraton was that child’s name.—But,  
“ had I any doubt, the scar upon your  
“ arm would effectually do it away. Not  
“ one of the circumstances which you  
“ have stated to me as happening when  
“ you received the wound, but exactly  
“ tally with those attending a similar  
“ misfortune, which befell the child I so  
“ unfortunately lost. My child fell from  
“ a dumb-waiter, and struck her arm  
“ against a table ; her right arm, too, it

“ was : — your age at the time it [hap-  
“ pened, likewise, corresponds with that  
“ of my child ; she was just three years  
“ old when the accident took place, the  
“ wound from which was not healed for  
“ several months. When it did, it left  
“ just such a scar as you now bear upon  
“ your right arm ; and which is so re-  
“ markable a one, that I have no longer  
“ even the shadow of a doubt remaining,  
“ but that you are the very child, whose  
“ uncertain fate has embittered every  
“ moment of my life.”

The joyous surprise, the heartfelt rapture of having, at last, found a parent, rendered Emily, for a few moments, in a manner speechless. She then suddenly starting up, proposed to inform her beloved friends, of this happy discovery ; and was going to the door for that purpose, when her new found parent arrested her progress, by entreating her earnestly to stop. — “ I cannot, my dear child,” said she, “ meet any individual of this

“ family. — This house, even, is to me  
“ forbidden ground — An occasion like  
“ the present, so earnest! so pressing!  
“ could alone have induced me to enter  
“ it. — Even now I must begone. — But,  
“ before I go — I grieve, my child, to in-  
“ terrupt your happiness, but — alas! it  
“ is unavoidable! — however painful, the  
“ communication must be made!”

The extatic idea of having discovered a parent, had entirely effaced from the mind of Emily, all recollection of the letter, but at these words of her new found relative, it once more darted across her thoughts; and she immediately said —  
“ You — you, surely, was not the writer of  
“ that letter I received this morning?”

“ Alas! my dear Emily, that letter  
“ was necessary to save you from de-  
“ struction. — Yes — I was the writer —  
“ though in such haste, I scarcely knew  
“ what I said. — Heaven be praised! it  
“ has had the effect I wished! — Had you  
“ slighted the caution it contained,

“ though you would have been innocent  
“ of any criminal intention, yet your  
“ whole life afterwards, would—must—  
“ have been truly wretched !”

Emily shuddered, as the stranger pronounced these words, and, in the most treble agitation, entreated her for an explanation.

“ Alas ! my child, I feel how painful  
“ must be the disappointment—I grieve  
“ to be under the necessity of thus cruelly  
“ wounding your feelings—but—you can  
“ never be the wife of Edward !”

Emily now fancied that she saw through the motive of her mother, for wishing her to be separated from Edward.—She had owned that her presence in that house was an intrusion ; had, likewise, refused to be introduced to any of the family ; and she immediately fancied, that, having discovered her child to be on the point of marriage, with a member of it, she did not choose that a daughter of hers should ally herself to a part of that family,

which, for some reason or other, she, herself, evidently avoided.

Emily felt all possible respect for her new found parent; yet, to hear her say so decidedly—"You can never be the wife of Edward"—merely, as she thought, from pique, or hatred against a family, who were, in her opinion, the most estimable of human beings; rather sunk her in her estimation, and she exclaimed, warmly—"Madam it is now too late!—I cannot in honour retract. —My word is given:—and had you not arrived, at the very moment you did, ere this, we should have been united. Judge then, whether I can, whether I ought to give him up."

"Your warmth is natural, and does you honor, my dear,"—said her mother, tenderly—"but there are obstacles —Edward cannot be your husband."

"O, Madam!" cried Emily, whilst her eyes sparkled with animation, "you would think differently if you knew



“ his worth !—His character is held in  
“ general estimation. — We have long  
“ been attached to each other :—this day  
“ was set apart for the marriage to take  
“ place :—and I hope you will not think  
“ me wanting in either duty or respect,  
“ when I here solemnly declare—that I  
“ consider myself bound in honor to ful-  
“ fil my engagement.”

“ Alas ! my dear, my unfortunate  
“ girl !—you meditate impossibilities.—  
“ You, as yet know me, only as your  
“ mother.—There is a sad ! a fatal story  
“ to be told—I lament the necessity of  
“ interrupting your felicity —but—you  
“ can never be the wife of Edward—he  
“ —he—is too nearly related to you.”

“ Related !”—cried Emily, in almost  
breathless agitation — “ it is impossible !—  
“ Related ! — Oh ! speak — Who ? — Who  
“ are you ?”

“ One, you have frequently heard of,  
“ I dare avow,” said her mother ; seem-  
ingly averse to mention her name : —

“ One, you have, no doubt, been taught  
“ to hate : — in this family, of course,  
“ you have been brought up to despise,  
“ and execrate — the name of — Morti-  
“ mer ! ”

“ Mortimer ! ” — almost screamed Emily — “ Lady Mortimer ? ” — whilst a cold shiveriug ran through her whole frame —  
“ the — the mother of Edward ? ”

“ Calm this violence of agitation, my  
“ dear child,” said her mother. — “ I im-  
“ plore — I entreat you to subdue this  
“ emotion, in pity to the feelings of your  
“ parent. I grieve thus to distress you —  
“ the urgency of the case could alone in-  
“ fluence me to do it — but it is too true.  
“ — You are my child. — I am Lady Mor-  
“ timer — and — Edward — is — your own  
“ brother ! ”

The spirits of Emily, already agitated by contending emotions, were now completely subdued : — this last stroke was decisive : — a faint scream issued from her

lips, and the next instant she fell senseless at the feet of her unworthy parent.

The feelings of Lady Mortimer were now cruelly agitated—her first impulse was to ring for instant aid:—but she feared to draw the attention of the family, every individual of which, it was her ardent desire to avoid. Yet to suffer Emily to remain where she was, without assistance, was not to be thought of; and, in a state of irresolution, she was endeavouring herself to raise her, when the parlour door suddenly burst open, and some one entered.

It was Edward. He had, according to his promise, when he parted with Emily, been pacing up and down the passage; and was beginning to think she staid very long, and to be sadly impatient for her re-appearance; when he was pretty sure he heard her scream—nay, he fancied that she called Edward—and almost the next moment hearing some one fall, he could not endure to remain any longer passive,

but immediately rushed into the parlour:—where, to his great dismay, he saw Emily extended upon the floor, with a countenance completely death-like, and intirely bereft of animation.

Darting a furious look at the person who stood over her, without perceiving who she was, he snatched Emily from the ground, and bore her in his arms to a sofa, which stood, fortunately, at the further end of the apartment, on which he gently laid her. “Emily, my dear, my “beloved Emily!” said he, “cans’t thou “not speak to me?—Alas! the paleness “of death is on her face!—Woman!” continued he, addressing Lady Mortimer, without having any idea to whom he was speaking—“what is the meaning “of all this?—What can you have done, “or said, to this poor girl, to occasion “this fatal suspension of her faculties?”

“Would that I could restore her, Ed “ward,” said Lady Mortimer—“but I “trust she has merely fainted, and will

“soon discover symptoms of returning animation.”

On being thus familiarly addressed by the name of Edward, he turned hastily round, and, for the first time, recognised his mother!—that mother, who had deserted him and his brother in their infancy—left an affectionate husband for the arms of a seducer—and, though his father was still alive—was now married to another! The conduct of his mother had ever been to him a source of the deepest regret, it never crossed his mind but with a feeling of acute agony—and to meet with her thus unexpectedly—in that house, from which she had once voluntarily fled—at a moment, too, when his heart was torn with anguish for the fate of his adored Emily—so completely overpowered him, that for a few moments he was nearly as insensible as poor Emily herself.

The stupor, however, quickly subsiding, he said, — “Am I in a dream?—or,



“is it indeed Lady Mortimer?—Is it possible, that I see Lady Mortimer, in the house of Sir William Maitland?”

“Edward”—said she, haughtily, “let me be who, or what I will, recollect, I am your mother!”

“Nay, Madam,” retorted Edward, with feelings wrought up to agony, and scarcely conscious what he uttered—“Who first forgot that sacred name?—But this recrimination is idle and unavailing!—Oh! Emily, Emily!—I fear thou art lost to me for ever!”—He then flew to the sideboard to pour out a glass of water; but finding none in the decanter, that usually stood there, he rang the bell with such violence, as to break the cord, which remained in his hand.

“O dear! what is the matter, Sir,”—said James, on entering the room to answer the bell, which being rung so violently, had occasioned in the kitchen the most extreme consternation—“dear! what is the matter, Sir?—Is Miss Doraton taken ill?—Bless me! she looks

“ mortal bad !—She is not dead, Sir ? is she ?

“ Don’t torture me in this manner, James,” said Edward—“ but go instantly for assistance.”

“ I will—I will Sir ;” answered James—“ but it is all over with poor Miss Emily, I am sadly afraid—How could it happen ?—What doctor shall I fetch, Sir ?”

“ Bring first a glass of water ;”—said Lady Mortimer—“ I trust that will be sufficient to restore her.”

“ Shall I, Sir ?” asked James.

“ Instantly”—said Edward—“ Fly, fly, James, or it will be too late !”

James then left the parlour to fetch it.

Edward was now almost frantic. He feared the senses of Emily had fled forever !—He held one of her hands in his—it was cold as marble—and considering his mother as the immediate cause of this dreadful scene, which would eventually terminate, if it was not already ac-

complished, in the death of Emily, he forgot to whom he was speaking ; and, in the frenzy of the moment, accused her of adding the murder of this dear girl, to the list of crimes she had already committed, against the peace and honour of her family.

Though offended at his violence, Lady Mortimer was also much affected—not only by the sight of his grief and distraction, but also at the sad situation, to which she had been the means of reducing Emily. A pang of remorse at this instant shot through her heart.—She had destroyed the happiness of her children—had planted incurable anguish in the bosoms of those, whom by every tie of nature, she was bound to protect from evil.—Her heart was softened. “ Edward,” said she, mournfully, “ you cannot lament the indisposition of this beloved girl more than I do. In this instance you accuse me unjustly. My errand here this morning, was with no inten-

“tion to destroy your happiness:—I  
“came to save;—to prevent you from  
“committing a crime, that would have  
“embittered every moment of your lives.  
“You may imagine that something very  
“urgent could alone have had the power  
“to make me enter this house. No-  
“thing could have induced me to have  
“done it, but to rescue my children from  
“a fate so dreadful!”

“What fate?—To what do you allude?”—cried Edward, wildly.

“Edward”—said his mother, solemnly, yet with tenderness, “you must be made acquainted with this fatal truth. Time presses, and I must be gone:—this house, as you say, is no fit place for me. Yet ere I go, I must once more be under the painful necessity of wounding the bosom of another of my children, by telling him, that——Yet I fear—so fatal has the communication already proved, to my poor long lost Emily.”

“ In pity, Madam,” said Edward, “ ease me from this torturing suspense?—What is this fatal secret?”

“ You will be surprised, Edward;—you will be grieved—but, alas! you must be told, that Emily is my child—and—your sister!

“ Impossible!” — cried Edward — Emily can never be the daughter of Lord Mortimer!”

“ I did not say she was.—No, Edward, she is more nearly related to you even than that.—She is not only my child—but—the daughter of *your* father.”

“ O, mother!” — said Edward, with the keenest feelings of indignation — this is a refinement upon cruelty.—I know too well, my father never had but one daughter, who died in her infancy.—You *must* remember it,” added he, laying a strong emphasis upon the words — “ it was just at the very period when you deserted us.”



“ You talk of cruelty, Edward,” said his mother ;—“ under what denomination can your own speech pass?—“ But I excuse you :—I allow for the “ harassed state of your feelings :—and “ will, therefore, tell you — that that “ daughter of your father’s never did “ die !—She was conveyed away from “ this house by myself and Jenkins ; and “ you see her now before you on that “ sofa, in the person of Emily.”

“ Why, O, why,” said Edward, in a voice of agony, “ was not this discovery made before ? ”

“ I was ignorant of it myself ; ” returned his mother : “ it was only late “ last night, that I traced her to this “ family. The person who apprized me “ of it, said, that you were to be married immediately—on this very morning :—there was no time, therefore, to “ be lost :—I determined to come hither “ myself. But, lest I should be too “ late, as I had to come from Windsor,

I dispatched a man and horse with a letter, containing an earnest adjuration to delay the ceremony until such time as I could reach London. The urgency of the occasion conquered every scruple I had of entering this house, so eager was I to ascertain (though I had very little doubt on the subject) whether Emily was really the child I had lost all traces of, so many years before; and if it really was so, to prevent your marriage. Not wishing to see any of the family, I demanded to speak with her alone. A very few minutes served to convince me, that she was my long lost child, and, it was necessary she should know it. I broke the affair to her as tenderly, and as cautiously as I could — but the effect was fatal — though, I trust, it is but a mere temporary suspension of her faculties; and, if the servant would but make haste with the water, I might

“ have the happiness of seeing her revive,  
“ before I am compelled to leave her.”

“ I can hardly wish it;” — said Edward. — “ In a scene like this, insensibility is happiness! — Oh! — Emily!  
“ Emily! — is it come to this!” — then covering his face with his hands, over the arm of the sofa, he appeared totally regardless of all around him.

Lady Mortimer now stood sole spectator of the mischief she had caused. —  
“ Would I could recall the past!” — thought she — “ but that wish is unavailing. — O! my children! — had I conducted myself honourably, this scene  
“ of wretchedness would have been spared us! — I have murdered your happiness! — and have I secured my own? —  
“ Ah, no!”

These reflections had passed rapidly through her mind, when they were interrupted by Edward, who starting up suddenly, and seizing Emily in his arms,

was carrying her towards the door, when it suddenly opened, and James entered, followed by Miss Maitland and Olivia.

“Where are you going, Edward?”—cried Miss Maitland—“and what is the matter with this dear girl?—James has almost terrified me out of my senses.”

“I thought I had best let Miss Maitland know, Sir, how matters stood,” said James; “I hope I did not do wrong, Sir?”

Edward again placed Emily upon the sofa, and said—in a tone which betrayed his internal anguish,—“that he feared, her senses had fled past all recovery.”

“Heaven forbid!”—cried Miss Maitland, who, in her eagerness to assist Emily, had not perceived Lady Mortimer—“Heaven forbid!—Here, James, give me the water, and do you run and tell Madeline to bring instantly the drops which stand on the mantle-piece in my room.”

Olivia now assisted in raising Emily,

who, as yet, shewed not the least symptom of returning animation; but Miss Maitland at last succeeding in pouring some of the water down her throat, she once more opened her eyes; when looking fearfully around, and perceiving Edward standing anxiously watching her, at the end of the sofa, she immediately relapsed into a state of insensibility.

Miss Maitland was now seriously alarmed; and Edward flew out of the room to dispatch a messenger for the Physician, who usually attended the family.

In the mean time, whilst Miss Maitland, and Olivia, were busily employed in vain attempts to restore this unfortunate object of their affection, Sir William, anxious to know from what cause all this bustle originated, came into the parlour for information. His surprise may be better conceived than described, when the first person he saw on his entrance, was the woman whom he had



once loved—who had once even borne his name—the mother of his children—but now—the wife of another !

“ You here, Madam ! ” — exclaimed he, in a tone of stern surprise—and immediately turned round, with the intention of quitting the apartment.

“ Stop, Sir ; ” — said she, haughtily — “ I have something of interest to communicate.”

“ No, Madam ; ” — answered Sir William — “ from *you* I will hear nothing : — “ Nor do I know by what right you now “ presume to enter this house.”

“ O, Heavens ! — Lady Mortimer ! ” — cried Miss Maitland, turning suddenly round, as the well known voice struck upon her ear — “ was it you then who wrote “ that fatal letter ? ”

“ Ellinor ” — said Lady Mortimer, “ to you I am under the greatest obligation—this amiable being whom you “ have protected—whom your humanity “ saved from destruction, is — nearly re-

“lated to you. — She is my child — and  
“the daughter of your brother.”

“This is mere frenzy !” — exclaimed  
Sir William. — “She knows very well I  
“never had a daughter, but that little  
“hapless being who perished by that  
“dreadful malady.”

“You thought so ;” — resumed Lady  
Mortimer — “nevertheless, that little hap-  
“less being now lies upon that sofa. — She  
“did not die, as was supposed — it was  
“merely a report of mine to get posses-  
“sion of her. — I — I wished to have her  
“in my care — you, I was convinced,  
“would not part with her — she was,  
“therefore, secretly conveyed away —  
“whilst I took care to have the report  
“of her death circulated through the  
“family. The disease being infectious,  
“rendered the deception more easy. —  
“You believed it : the funeral took  
“place : and every thing succeeded to  
“my wish. But, Heaven frustrated my  
“design. The woman with whom I

“placed her died suddenly at Dieppe,  
“about four years afterwards, as she was  
“bringing her to me in France; and  
“from that time I lost all traces of her,  
“until within the last few hours. By a  
“lucky chance I discovered her being a  
“resident in this family; and was, for-  
“tunately, in time to prevent her from  
“becoming the wife of Edward.”

“In what way, Madam, did you make  
“the discovery?” — asked Olivia — for  
both Sir William and Miss Maitland  
were too much agitated to speak.

She then related the circumstances  
which have been already stated; but said  
“—that at some future time they should  
“be informed more minutely of every  
“particular.”——Olivia thought of the  
caps; and asked Miss Maitland—“if she  
“would permit her to fetch them?”

“Were they worked in bunches of  
“flowers, and rows of dresden?” en-  
quired Lady Mortimer.

“Produce them, Olivia,” said Miss

Maitland, faintly :—" you know where  
" to find them."

Olivia went in search of them.

In the mean time Emily lay in the same sad state ; she moved not—she scarcely breathed. Miss Maitland had tried all the usual remedies ; but each had failed in effect : and she became exceedingly anxious for the arrival of the Physician, fearing, that if he did not come speedily, poor Emily's indisposition would terminate fatally.

The instant Lady Mortimer saw the caps, which Miss Maitland had so carefully preserved, she declared them to be her own work :—but, indeed, these were not wanting to convince her auditors of the truth of her assertions. The form, the face of Emily, carried almost instant conviction :—for, in each, (as had frequently been observed by Sir William, though it was a subject on which he never liked to converse) she bore a strong resemblance to Lady Mor-

timer. The beauty of Emily was of a softer character than was that of her mother, but the likeness between them was striking; and had most forcibly occurred to Sir William, on his first introduction to Emily, when a child, at Brighton.

They, therefore, had no doubt of the relationship which Emily bore to the family; though Sir William determined still further to convince himself by having the coffin opened, in which the child was said to be interred.

Lady Mortimer now prepared to depart;—though she yet lingered from an unwillingness to leave Emily in a situation so deplorable. No one, however, soliciting her to stay; she went up to the side of the sofa, and imprinting a kiss upon the cold lips of her insensible child, she bade her, as she feared, an eternal farewell!—then turning to Miss Maitland, said—“should she recover, you will, I hope, permit me to see her?—



“ but, I fear this stroke will be too much  
“ for her !— O ! Ellinor !— had I been  
“ like you !— but reflections on the past  
“ are unavailing !— Yet let me entreat  
“ your forgiveness. — But for you this  
“ dear child would have been exposed to  
“ every wretchedness !— I can never re-  
“ pay the obligation I owe you. — You  
“ — too — whom I have injured in the  
“ tenderest point !—— Farewel !— Ellinor  
“ — may you be happy !— but you must !  
“ — A character, pure and unsullied like  
“ yours, must call down the blessing of  
“ Heaven !— O ! that the past could be  
“ recalled !—— Farewel ! farewel, Elli-  
“ nor !” said she, pressing her hand—  
“ and, oh ! should this poor child ever  
“ be restored to life and animation,  
“ place not the failings of her mother  
“ in too conspicuous a point of view. —  
“ O ! teach her not to hate me !— I had  
“ no fault towards her ; I ever loved  
“ her with the fondest affection. But  
“ she was snatched from my arms ;—

“and the uncertainty of her fate has  
“undermined the comfort of my whole  
“life.—Sir William,” added she, solemnly addressing him—“she is *your*  
“child!—If you have any doubt, I  
“can produce another person, a principal in the transaction, who will have  
“no objection to swear to the truth of  
“what I have asserted.”

“I am perfectly convinced, Madam,” said Sir William—“Jenkins, I suppose,  
“you allude to? — Poor girl! she has  
“then, at last, been fostered in the bosom of her own family! — but — farewell! Madam—I—I—wish you well—  
“but—this house—is——.”

“No fit place for me, Sir—I suppose you mean to say”—interrupted Lady Mortimer — “but, I am going:—  
“fear not, that I shall ever again enter  
“it. An occasion like the present,  
“could alone have induced me to do it  
“now. Once more, farewell, Ellinor!—  
“My poor child,” continued she, cast-

ing a mournful look at Emily, — “ never  
“ shall I see thee again, I fear ! ” — then  
curt’sying to Olivia, she hastily quitted  
the room ; and the chaise being still in  
waiting, jumped instantly into it, order-  
ing the postillion to drive back again,  
from whence he brought her.

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## CHAP. VIII.

Forgive me, Heav'n !—yet—yet the tears will flow,

To think how soon my scene of bliss is past !

My budding joys just promising to blow,

All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast !

Too faithful Memory !—cease, O cease—

How shall I e'er regain my peace ?

(O ! to forget her !) but how vain each art,

Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart !

SHAW.

THE chaise which conveyed away Lady Mortimer, had scarcely driven from the door, before the carriage of the Physician drove up to it : from which alighted Edward and Dr. Spence ; the former having gone himself to Brook Street, where the family Physician resided, in order to expedite his arrival.

When they entered the parlour, they found Emil still insensible ; and Madeline bewailing bitterly her hard fate, “ in  
“ thus living to see the death of her dear  
“ Miss Emily—just when she was going  
“ to be married, too—O ! it was too bad !  
“ —it was too bad !”

The Physician, however, commanded her to be silent — (but she could not forbear sobbing)—and then proceeded to examine his patient. He pronounced her merely to have fainted, though the fit had been of long duration ; and, having ordered something to be immediately given her, which Miss Maitland, fortunately, had in the house, she soon shewed signs of returning animation. The colour once more faintly tinged her cheek, and she, at length, opened her eyes—(at which Madeline could not forbear expressing her thanks, aloud, to the Holy Virgin !) —but was so extremely weak and languid, that, in answer to their kind enquiries of how she found



herself, she could only reply by a mournful shake of the head, seemingly too much overcome to speak. Edward hung fondly over her; but the sight of him gave her such a fit of trembling, and threw her into an agitation so violent, that her eyes closed, and they feared she would relapse into her former state of insensibility.

“ My dear Sir,” said the Physician, who was likewise a friend of the family—  
“ I believe, I must be under the necessity of requesting you to withdraw. Your presence, from some cause or other, evidently disturbs my patient—whom it is necessary, for a time, should be kept perfectly tranquil. I shall order her, presently, to lie down upon the bed; and, I hope, a few hours repose will set us all to rights. This has been a severe attack; but rest, and tranquillity are all that will be needful.”

“ O! Edward!”—said Emily, faintly—so faintly that they could scarcely dis-

tinguish the words—"you need not leave me;—I—I"—her emotion stopt her utterance, and heaving a long-drawn sigh, she burst into an hysterical passion of tears.

The Physician judging these to be more salutary than any article the whole *Materia-Medica* could have afforded, rather encouraged, than repressed them, and she wept for some time without ceasing.

All immediate danger was now over, and he silently intimated to Edward, that he might stay. Poor Edward was scarcely less in need of his advice, than was Emily; for the sight of her grief had so unmanned him, that he also wept like an infant. Miss Maitland and Olivia, though much relieved from their fears for Emily, could not withstand the sad contagion, and Madeline sobbed as if her heart was breaking. Sir William unable to support a scene like this, abruptly quitted the room: and the Physician, who naturally

judged that something very unusual had occurred, was more than once on the point of asking, what was the matter? but was with-held, by the seeming indelicacy of appearing to pry into what, perhaps, the family might wish to conceal. Had it been their intention to have made the subject of their distress known, Edward, he considered, would, in all probability, have made the disclosure during their ride from Brook Street. But, the mind and feelings of Edward were, just then, in a state so confused, harassed, and distressed, that he could talk of nothing, think of nothing, but the indisposition of Emily.

Though the tears which had been shed by this luckless girl, were of the most infinite service to her, yet she still continued so low and languid, that the Physician, (who considered this scene as not very likely to benefit his patient) recommended it as highly prudent, that she should lie down upon the bed, for an

hour or two, and endeavour to get some rest.—“ You must keep yourself perfectly quiet, my dear young lady,” added he; “ and, in the evening, when I will look in upon you again, I hope to find you quite recovered. I have ordered you something that will tranquillize your spirits, and fortify your nerves; and, I trust, if you follow my advice, that I shall find you in the evening, a fitter subject for the cook to prescribe for, than the doctor.”

Emily smiled faintly—and the Physician, having written for her, took his leave.

His advice exactly accorded with her own wishes, for she ardently desired to be alone. Miss Maitland and Olivia, therefore, accompanied her to her own room, where, with the assistance of Madeline, she took off the ornaments, and costly dress, with which the lavish fondness of Miss Maitland had adorned her; and as she laid them by, shuddered to

think how nearly she had escaped entailing on herself, and the equally innocent object of her affection, perpetual misery.

Olivia offered to remain with her ; but she begged to be alone, and, having seen her placed upon the bed, Miss Maitland and Olivia, to oblige her, quitted the chamber. Emily then desired Madeline to let down the venetian shades, and to darken the room as much as possible, and then to leave her also.

“ La ! Miss Emily ! do pray let me  
“ stay with you ? — Who knows ! but  
“ you may chance to go off in one of  
“ these fits again, and die by yourself.  
“ Oh ! if you was, I should never get  
“ over it ! — I should cry myself soon after  
“ you.”

“ You are an affectionate girl, Madeline,” said Emily, faintly ; — “ but there  
“ no longer any cause to fear ; — I am  
“ now greatly recovered. Dr. Spence  
“ thought it necessary that I should lie



“down; therefore, of course, I comply;  
“—indeed, I know it will do me good:  
“and, I trust, by the time I rise again,  
“I shall be quite restored to health, and  
“able to join the family.”

“O! it makes me so happy to hear  
“you say so! you don’t know, Miss  
“Emily!—I need not try, now, to call  
“you Ma’am—more’s your ill luck!—  
“But, dear me! Miss Emily, who’d a  
“thought of your turning out my mas-  
“ter’s daughter!—Well!—I never could  
“have thought it—why, you are no more  
“like him than nothing! Poor Mr. Ed-  
“ward!—what a sad thing it was for  
“him—and, for the matter of that, so  
“it was for you—for I don’t know any  
“thing that would vex me more, than  
“to be disappointed, just as I was going  
“out of the very door to be married!”

“This is a subject on which I cannot  
“now dwell, Madeline,” said Emily,  
with encreasing languor. — “My head  
“aches; and I wish to be alone.”

“Have you got the head-ache?” asked Madeline, quickly—“la! how cruel it is of me then to stand chattering here. —But, I don’t wonder at it, for my part! if your heart ached it would be nothing to be surprised at. But, however, you’ve got a good father by the bargain — but la! what’s that to a husband? — Nothing! — And you’ve been fairly cheated out of that comfort, that’s for certain!”

“I must entreat you will leave me, Madeline:”—said Emily.

“I’m agoing, instantly. But now do, Miss Emily, pray ring the bell the very moment, if you feel these fits a coming on again—or else—the Holy Virgin forbid! but you might die away by yourself.”

“If I should have any return of my indisposition, Madeline, of course, I should call you—but now, the greatest favor you can do me, is to leave me quite alone.”

“ Well, I’ll go down, to oblige you,  
“ Miss Emily : but I shall be all in a  
“ twitter till you ring for me again. —  
“ Shall I wrap you up warm before I  
“ go ? ”

“ If you have the affection you profess  
“ for me,” said Emily, “ you will this  
“ instant leave me.”

“ Well, well, Miss Emily, I am gone.  
“ The Holy Virgin protect you ! — but  
“ now do ring for me, pray, the very in-  
“ stant you seem to want me.” She then,  
though very reluctantly, quitted the  
chamber.

Emily, when alone, would fain have  
gained, at least, a temporary alleviation  
of the sorrow that oppressed her, by the  
oblivious power of sleep : but her spirits  
had been too violently agitated, and her  
nervous system too much deranged, to  
allow her to obtain this balm of the af-  
flicted. - She endeavoured not to think  
of Edward ; but his idea was ever present  
to her thoughts. — What *he* would suffer

by this cruel separation—what *he* would feel at this discovery of their relationship, was even more distressing to her, than the emotion she naturally felt upon her own account. Whether he was yet acquainted with the circumstance she knew not, though she fancied it must, in some way or other, have been made known to him, from the distress of mind, he had so evidently evinced on her first recovery. Yet the idea that she might still love him innocently, with a sisterly affection, brought with it infinite consolation; though when any circumstance relative to the preparations for their marriage crossed her mind, she trembled with involuntary horror!

“Alas!” sighed she, mentally, “how  
“narrowly have we escaped being wretched  
“for our whole lives!—O! my mother!  
“—what would *you, then*, have had  
“to answer for!”—At the recollection of  
her mother, her heart again sunk within  
her:—it had ever been her first, her most  
ardent wish, to come to the knowledge of

her parents ; yet, to find her mother, in the vile, abandoned Lady Mortimer ! the woman whom of all others she held in the greatest detestation ! was a severe alloy to the pleasure she would, otherwise, have received from such a discovery. Still, to be so nearly related to her beloved Benefactress ; to find another parent in the worthy Sir William Maitland ; and to have Edward for her brother—though she shuddered as the idea passed through her mind—were circumstances for which she felt she ought to be thankful : and not, by murmuring at the blessings Providence thought fit to withhold, appear ungrateful for those, He so bountifully allowed her to receive.

She knew, she acknowledged, she had much to be thankful for ; but the recent agitation she had undergone, had so completely unnerved her, that she could not but consider herself, just then, as one of the most unfortunate of human beings, and her tears flowed unceasingly. Being



alone, she could indulge them without observation or remark, and she fancied that it soothed her sorrow, and eased her mind, thus freely to give way to them. The repose, which her agitated state made so necessary, seemed still as far off as ever ; and it was not until the medicine prescribed by the Physician, (which was of a soporific nature) began to take effect, that she obtained the blessing of a few hours forgetfulness.

Edward had, likewise, immediately upon her removal from the parlour, retired to the seclusion of his own apartment.

In the mean time, Miss Maitland and Olivia, had joined Sir William in the drawing-room, and were mournfully discoursing on the strange events that had so recently taken place ; when it suddenly occurred to Olivia, that Mr. Grenfell was, most probably, still waiting for them at St. George's church.

“ I never thought of him, I declare !” said Miss Maitland, whose feelings, likewise, had been cruelly wounded by the scene of the morning ; for the sight of Lady Mortimer had renewed a thousand painful recollections, independant of the distress she could not avoid feeling for the sad situation of poor Emily, and the heartfelt sorrow of Edward. “ I never thought of Mr. Grenfell,” continued she, — “ but, we must “ in some way or other apprise him of “ this affair.”

“ We had better send one of the footmen to him, with a note,” said Sir William — “ that is, if you, Olivia, will “ just scrawl over a few lines ; for I could “ not hold a pen, if my life depended “ upon it.”

“ If you wish it, Sir, certainly ;” said Olivia, with her usual readiness to oblige — “ but, upon my honour ! I am in such “ a flurry, I don’t know what I shall say.”

“Any thing, my dear;—tell him to wait there no longer, but to come here immediately.”

Olivia sat down to write the note; but she made several attempts to hold the pen steady before she was successful, so greatly was she also agitated. At length, however, it was completed, and James was on the point of leaving the house with it, when Mr. Grenfell was announced.

He expressed his surprise at having waited so long to no purpose at the church; but soon saw, from the countenances of those he addressed, that something very unusual had occurred. Having no suspicion, however, of any thing like the truth, he enquired, “What had become of the bride and bridegroom?”

“Alas!” said Miss Maitland, “they are both—but, Olivia, my dear girl! do you inform Mr. Grenfell of the eventful particulars.”

Olivia instantly complied:—though it

was not without much emotion, and many tears, that she related the agitating discovery that had taken place.

Mr. Grenfell was, as may be supposed, exceedingly astonished :—though he failed not to hint how thankful they ought to be to the Almighty, that the discovery had been made in time. “ Poor Edward ! ”—said he, “ this is, indeed, a “ grievous shock !——O ! had it been “ delayed till to morrow, it is my firm “ opinion, it would have been his death. “ —As it is, the disappointment will, at “ first, weigh heavily upon him ; but he “ will soon, I have no doubt, see the affair in its true, and proper light—as a “ miraculous and merciful interposition “ of the Deity, to save them both from “ destruction. Poor Emily ! — she has “ then, at last, found a mother—ah ! I “ know how it will wound her gentle nature, to know that she is one, whom “ she cannot respect. But, my dear Sir,” added he, addressing Sir William, “ you

“should not suffer yourself to be thus  
“cast down. Disappointment in our  
“sublunary plans, is, alas ! one of the  
“evils that ‘flesh is heir to,’—recollect,  
“you have found a daughter—one, too,  
“whom, you are well assured, merits your  
“fondest affection.”

“O ! what misery,” exclaimed Sir William, “might the crimes and art of  
“this worthless woman, have been the  
“means of drawing on the heads of  
“her innocent, and unoffending chil-  
“dren !”

“Which, however, Providence has  
“graciously vouchsafed to prevent,” said Mr. Grenfell, solemnly—“let us not for-  
“get that, my dear Sir William. Nay,  
“we may perceive His guiding hand  
“throughout the whole of this affair. Let  
“us then, with humble gratitude, adore  
“the Supreme Wisdom, who alone knows  
“what is best for us. Had your daugh-  
“ter remained with Lady Mortimer, she  
“might—she would—in all probability,



“ have been a very different character : —  
“ instead of which, she has been happily  
“ removed from the contagion of a bad  
“ example ; been brought up in your fa-  
“ mily, (her own family too,) in the  
“ practice of the purest principles of vir-  
“ tue ; in exact conformity to the  
“ precepts of our holy religion. And,  
“ by the conduct of her mother, in this  
“ instance, has had a severe practical  
“ proof, of the dangerous consequences,  
“ and wide-spreading mischief, attending  
“ the commission of those crimes, of  
“ which this unhappy mother has been  
“ guilty. One example of this kind,  
“ will more effectually serve the cause of  
“ of virtue, than a thousand volumes of  
“ precept, however energetically deliver-  
“ ed. O ! did the gay and thoughtless  
“ know the painful consequences attend-  
“ ant upon a life of frailty — and could  
“ be brought to feel the happiness arising  
“ from a consciousness of acting rightly,  
“ they would shrink from a commission

“ of those crimes, which are now, alas !  
“ become, shame to the age we live in !—  
“ Fashionable !——For my own part, I  
“ hate the word !——As it is now used,  
“ it seems to imply every kind of vice  
“ and immorality.”

“ It does indeed !” — observed Miss Maitland—“ Fashion is made an excuse  
“ for all sorts of improper conduct.——  
“ It is *unfashionable* for a husband and  
“ wife now-a-days, to be seen together :  
“ —if they are going the same road even,  
“ Fashion decrees, that they must go in  
“ separate carriages.——In compliance,  
“ also, with the fashion, many ruin them-  
“ selves and families, by giving those ex-  
“ pensive entertainments, so much the  
“ order of the day ; or intirely destroy  
“ their health by attending those of  
“ others ; because Fashion decrees, that  
“ these temples of luxury should not be  
“ opened until that time of night, when  
“ nature seems to point out the necessity  
“ of retiring to rest.—Fashion, likewise,

“ appears to me likely to do, what the  
“ violent declaimers for equality have  
“ hitherto, failed to effect—to bring all  
“ conditions upon a level.—For gentle-  
“ men are now too frequently to be seen,  
“ riding on the coach-box with the nur-  
“ sery maids; whilst the next vehicle  
“ you meet, may, perhaps, present a dif-  
“ ferent picture, but a no less improper  
“ one—of the wife and mother of a fa-  
“ mily, familiarly seated with the coach-  
“ man.”

“ Your observations are perfectly just;”  
said Mr. Grenfell. “ It is much to be  
“ lamented that Fashion, (since she has  
“ so many idolatrous worshippers) should,  
“ unhappily, have dictated a conduct, so  
“ every way improper—so utterly subver-  
“ sive of the principles of delicacy and  
“ virtue.”

“ Yes;”—said Sir William—“ but what  
“ is all this, compared to the fashion of  
“ encouraging those women, who have  
“ broken their marriage vow, and are

“ living in a state of open profligacy  
“ with another man?—Admitting she is  
“ married to that man—does that make  
“ her a bit less criminal?—No.—Per-  
“ haps, it only aggravates her guilt!—  
“ He was, probably, allied to some ami-  
“ able woman, who is left to mourn the  
“ loss of his affections—or, more likely,  
“ as in the case of Ellinor, he was not  
“ yet allied to her, but only on the eve  
“ of marriage.—Each of the guilty par-  
“ ties, perhaps, deserted their innocent  
“ children! — My dear friend! — This  
“ world is altered strangely!—But whilst  
“ the higher orders hold out these *en-*  
“ *couragements to vice*, how can we  
“ hope to see things otherwise than as  
“ they are!”

“ Here, again, Sir William,” said Mr.  
Grenfell, “ may be traced the sad effects  
“ of a pernicious example. When I  
“ cast my eyes over the daily papers, and  
“ read a list of those, who have been  
“ partaking of the good things at the



“ house of her Grace, or my Lady ; and  
“ meet with the names of many, but of one  
“ female in particular, who, in common  
“ justice ought to be expelled all virtuous  
“ society, I feel struck with indigna-  
“ tion ! and am ready to blush for the  
“ meanness of those—who, to gratify a  
“ foolish vanity of seeing a high name  
“ upon their list of visitors, endure the  
“ company of a woman, whom, they cannot  
“ be ignorant, is living, in open violation  
“ of every principle of honour and  
“ integrity, with the husband of another ! !—But let not such persons complain,  
“ if their children should conduct themselves dishonourably. —The young  
“ are naturally eager in the pursuit of  
“ pleasure ; and vice is tricked out in so  
“ many alluring forms, that, to those  
“ who mix much with the world, it  
“ offers the most powerful temptations.  
“ Yet education, and good example will  
“ inspire them with a love of virtue, and  
“ a wish to obtain the respect of those



“ persons, whose good opinion they most  
“ value ; and which, in their earlier years,  
“ they have, most probably, been taught  
“ to believe, could only be effected, by a  
“ strict adherence to the principles of  
“ integrity and virtue. — But, when they  
“ are old enough to judge for themselves,  
“ they find things very differently con-  
“ ducted. They too often see vice en-  
“ couraged, and virtue neglected—even  
“ by their nearest connexions:—by those  
“ very persons, who have been strenuously  
“ endeavouring to imprint on their minds,  
“ the superior efficacy of a system direct-  
“ ly contrary. This, naturally, in the  
“ bosoms of the young, undermines the  
“ cause of virtue. And, when they see,  
“ which they are sure to do, if they are  
“ introduced into fashionable society—  
“ (I wish the word was blotted out of  
“ the vocabulary !) the vicious mingled  
“ indiscriminately with the virtuous ; and  
“ some, even of the vilest characters  
“ —(characters, which ought to be held

“ up to general detestation) courted and  
“ caressed !—the barrier is at once broken  
“ down—and they are easily led away by  
“ the first temptation which assails them.  
“ To what purpose should we resist ?—  
“ argue they—Is any one the worse re-  
“ ceived for having followed their own  
“ inclinations ? — No.—Even our own  
“ parents, whom we know to be good  
“ kind of people, receive all visitors pro-  
“ miscuously. — But, as I said before,  
“ such parents have no right to complain,  
“ if their children should dishonour them  
“ by their future conduct. They may  
“ thank themselves for their imprudence.  
“ If parents will, by receiving improper  
“ characters, yield, at least, a tacit en-  
“ couragement to vice and immorality—  
“ they must not be surprised, if their  
“ children are contaminated, by the con-  
“ tagion, of an example so pernicious.”

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of James with a letter, which, he said, had been brought by one

of Lord Vaversly's footmen, but that it did not require any answer.

It was addressed to Sir William ; and contained the apology he had meditated, on the plea of indisposition : begging they would be kind enough to excuse him joining their happy party, as he was by far too ill to partake in the joyous festivity of the day. He lamented his inability ; and expressed the warmest wishes for the happiness of his friends, whom, he supposed, by this time were united.

“ How little are we able to judge,”—said Sir William—“ of what a day may bring forth !—Here we have been arranging our plans, and making preparations for a season of festivity, which, alas ! is changed into one of mourning.—Poor Vaversly too is afflicted—he tells me here in his letter, that he is too ill to come to us—though, he, as yet, knows not of our disappointment.”

“ Ill !” exclaimed Mr. Grenfell—“ it must be sudden then, for I saw him late last night. But, now I recollect, I observed a depression hanging about him, for which I could not account. — I hope it is nothing more than one of those violent head-aches, to which from a boy he has been subject—but, I think, I will just step to Grosvenor Square, and see.”

“ Do ;”—said Sir William—“ but we shall expect you to dinner.”

“ If it is any thing more than a head-ache,” said Olivia, “ I will go to him myself.”

It was not judged necessary to dispatch an express to Henry, who, accordingly, made his appearance a short time before the dinner hour : and having been made acquainted, by his wife, of the change which had taken place in all their plans, by the unexpected events of the morning, he merely said, with much

carelessness of manner—"I have got a sister, however, it seems; so it makes very little difference to me. What has Ned done with himself?"

"He has been in his room ever since:" replied Olivia.

"How ridiculous!"—exclaimed Henry—"there are plenty of wives to be had; and he may now have an opportunity of bettering himself, by looking out for a girl with money.—But mum! —Here comes my father.—Though, to tell you the truth, I think it is a devilish lucky thing for Ned!"

In the mean time, Miss Maitland had entered the chamber of Emily, whom she found just awaking from a deep sleep, which had been productive of the most beneficial effects. She, however, declined appearing at dinner; for she dreaded the idea of meeting with Edward, until a longer period had elapsed; or her nerves had acquired a more considerable share of steadiness. Miss



Maitland readily agreed to her request ; for she saw, that though much revived, poor Emily was not at all in a situation to encounter any further agitation. She talked of sending Madeline up stairs to sit with her ; but Emily begged to be alone ; for she dreaded the conversation, which she feared Madeline would introduce. Miss Maitland herself staid with her until the dinner bell rang, and even then reluctantly left her.

She found Mr. Grenfell and Henry in the dining parlour ; and soon afterwards, likewise, Edward made his appearance :—but he spoke little, and eat less :—indeed none of the party, except Henry, did justice to the sumptuous dinner, which had been provided as a marriage feast.

When it was concluded, Edward, with much agitation, enquired for Emily, and then for Lord Vaversly, “ They were both better ;” Miss Maitland said.

“ Has Vaversly been ill then ?”

“ He was ;”—replied Mr. Grenfell—

“ but during the short time I sat with  
“ him, it was astonishing to see how  
“ much he mended ; and before I left  
“ him he grew so much better, that I  
“ wished to persuade him to come with  
“ me. However, he did not think him-  
“ self well enough, and so I came with-  
“ out him.”

“ If you will excuse me,” said Edward, who evidently wished to get away,  
“ I will go and sit an hour with him ?”

“ Ah ! do ;”—said Olivia—“ and I will  
“ go upon the same charitable action to  
“ my invalid. So good-bye, till I see  
“ you all again.”

Olivia remained up stairs with Emily during the remainder of the day : and when the Physician called in the evening, he found her, as he had predicted, very nearly restored to health, with only a slight degree of languor, the natural consequence of the present melancholy state of her feelings. He told her this was his farewell visit, unless she found her-

self worse ; if she did she must send for him — but he did not tell her, as a pompous physician of the present day, is accustomed to say to his *untitled* patients, that she must give him three or four days notice !!—on the contrary, he professed his readiness to come to her, immediately upon being sent for. But Dr. Spence had been a gentleman from his birth ; and, therefore, it was not necessary to assume any airs of consequence, to impress people with an idea, of his being a great man.

When Edward left the house, instead of going immediately towards Grosvenor Square, he bent his steps to a spot more retired, and more congenial to his present feelings—the ruins of Ranelagh.—Here he could indulge the melancholy that oppressed him, alone and unobserved. How differently did he expect to pass this day !—but, he endeavoured to exclude Emily from his thoughts ; or, as he found that to be impossible, to

think of her only as a beloved sister.— Sister!—At the recollection a cold shivering ran through his frame.—With the most heartfelt gratitude, he poured forth his thanks to Heaven, for the interposition of Providence in their favour—though he yet knew not how this miraculous discovery was brought about.—His mother then glanced across his mind, and his agony was extreme.—The shadowy gloom of the thickly interwoven foliage, exactly accorded with the pensive tenor of his mind; and the deep solitude of this once crowded, but now forsaken spot, soothed his agitated feelings, and, in some degree, restored him to composure.

Having wandered here for some hours, he suddenly thought of Lord Vaversly, and, at length, quitted his umbrageous retirement, and took the road towards Grosvenor Square.

He found his friend in much better spirits than he had expected, and yield-



ing to his request of staying with him to supper, did not return to Park Lane, until long after Henry and Olivia had returned to Richmond.

The next day the whole family again dined together, including Lord Vaversly and Mr. Grenfell; and, at the hour of dinner, Edward and Emily first met.—The latter would fain have remained upstairs in her own room, but Miss Maitland so strongly urged the necessity of her conquering this difficulty, which would only increase, the longer their meeting was delayed, that she, at length, though with a beating heart, and faltering step, accompanied her down stairs to where the family were assembled.

Sir William fondly welcomed her, and presented her to them all as his daughter. Edward endeavoured to join in the general congratulation, but his tongue refused to aid his wishes, and he was compelled to be silent. The dinner, however, passed off better than they had



expected. Olivia tried to be gay—and her brother was unusually animated.—Hope enlivened his countenance;—Hope built on the ruins of poor Edward's happiness. Yet his friendship for Edward was sincere; but since it was now impossible that Emily could ever be his wife, and as every obstacle was now done away, by her being found to be the legitimate daughter of Sir William Maitland, he indulged himself with the pleasing idea, that, at some future period, perhaps, he should succeed in engaging her affections, and eventually prevail upon her to become his wife.

Yet, notwithstanding all the kind endeavours of Olivia to dispel the gloom which hung over the greater part of the company, a solemn kind of sadness still prevailed. Emily never caught a glance of the countenance of Edward, but the wretchedness there displayed, drew tears into her eyes; and Edward, in return, never looked at Emily, but the paleness

of her cheek convinced him, that she, also, was the victim of acute regret.— Each felt more for the lacerated feelings of the other, than even for their own.— Mr. Grenfell talked of his departure, saying, “he should be obliged to set off early on the following morning”—and a thought striking him, that it would be an act of charity to separate his two young friends, for both of whom he felt the sincerest pity, he warmly pressed Edward, to accompany him home to Cumberland.

This proposal Edward, at first, politely declined : but his father so earnestly joined his entreaties to those of Mr. Grenfell, that, at length, he was prevailed upon to accept his invitation. It was, therefore, settled, that they should set off the next morning, immediately after breakfast : and Lord Vaversly half promised to join them very shortly at the Rectory.

In the mean time, Edward commission-

ed him to dispose of the house, which he had taken in Grosvenor Place, as he should now have no occasion for it ; and having, in a hurried manner, mentioned the terms he should wish to sell it at, he arose, and sighing deeply, abruptly quitted the room.

Emily, soon afterwards, left it with Olivia—and Sir William then expressed his thanks to Mr. Grenfell, for his kind and considerate invitation. “ It will be the best thing that could possibly be devised for poor Ned,” added he ; and Emily too, she will recover her spirits better when he is gone. They only, now, I see, make one another unhappy.”

“ It has been a severe shock ;” replied Mr. Grenfell — “ but, I trust time will restore them both to composure. We will do all we can to amuse him, and to dissipate his melancholy, and when you see him again, I hope you will find him quite a different man.”

“ I hope we shall !” said Miss Maitland, “ but I fear it will be a length of time first. Edward is of a disposition not to talk much about any circumstance that oppresses him, but he feels it more acutely, and feels it longer.”

“ Come, we must be off ;” said Henry, as soon as Olivia and Emily entered the room—“ and, I suppose, we may as well wish you good-bye, for, as you all mean to set off so early, why, of course, we shall not be able to see you again.”

His father then proposed, that he, and Olivia, should accompany them down to Melbury : at which the eyes of Olivia sparkled with delight. But he, instantly, gave a decided negative :—“ though” he said, “ that in the course of a month, perhaps, as they should, most probably, go down to Brighton races, they might give them a call for a day or two, as they could then take Melbury in their way.”

His father felt offended, but said no-

thing: and Olivia, who knew it was in vain to contest the matter, likewise remained silent; though her countenance evidently betrayed the disappointment she sustained.

Mrs. Watkins having sent an excuse for not joining the Bridal party, on the preceding day, on account of the indisposition of her son; it was the intention of the party who were going to Melbury, to call upon them at Clapham as they went along. Olivia, therefore, made this an excuse for accompanying them thus far; and promised to be with them early on the following morning, for that purpose.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, the parties separated: Mr. Grenfell and Edward going towards Cumberland—and the Maitlands towards Melbury Park.

When they reached Clapham, they found Mr. Watkins much recovered, and, as usual, in good spirits. Sir William introduced Emily to him as his daughter;



and he said—“ Aye, aye, I’ve heard of it ;  
“ Olivia let me know.—Well ! it was a  
“ strange business !—but these intriguing  
“ hussies—begging your pardon—will do  
“ any thing—there’s nothing comes amiss  
“ to ’em.—Upon my honor ? Sir William,  
“ it is a serious business : the legislature  
“ ought to interfere, to devise some pu-  
“ nishment for the jades.—If it is suffer-  
“ ed to go on at this rate, we shan’t soon  
“ have an honest woman left. If my  
“ time was to come over again, I’ll be  
“ hanged if I’d marry ! I should be  
“ afraid.”

“ But, I hope you do not think all the  
“ women alike, uncle ?”—asked Olivia.

“ No ; I don’t say they are. But  
“ there’s a deuced many bad ones now-  
“ -a-days by all accounts. Only look at  
“ their dress—it is of a piece with their  
“ morals.—Well might some man, as I’ve  
“ heard of, say, when he came home to  
“ England from his travels, that he shut  
“ his eyes for decency’s sake when he

“ landed, because he thought the women  
“ were all in their bathing-dresses.—If I  
“ had daughters, before they should go  
“ out such figures, I’d lock ’em up.—  
“ They need not be as stiff as parchment ;  
“ but there’s a medium;—and I would  
“ insist upon their wearing petticoats  
“ and pockets.—Bags!—I hate bags!—  
“ dangling upon their arms—and pocket  
“ handkerchiefs tied to their sides.—O !  
“ that’s an odious fashion ! — that’s  
“ filthy !”

Even Emily could not forbear smiling ;  
but every one of the party agreed with  
him in opinion, that the present fashionable  
style of dress, was totally incompatible  
with either modesty or decency.

As it was the wish of Sir William to  
reach Melbury that night, they were under  
the necessity of making a short visit :  
and Emily was, at length, compelled to  
bid adieu to Olivia—though it was not  
without many tears that the separation  
took place. Olivia, however, promised

to use all her influence with Henry to induce him to bring her soon down to Melbury, saying — “She never longed “for any thing so much in her life, as “once more to visit its retired shades. “I shall be so dull again, when you are “gone,” added she, — “ah! I do not “think I ever was so happy as I used to “be at Melbury!”

Sir William was obliged to remind Emily that they should be too late, before she could make up her mind to say farewell—but at this intimation, she hastily embraced Olivia, and stepping into the carriage, (in which Sir William and his sister were already seated,) was in a short time out of sight of Clapham, and on the high road towards Melbury.

It was late before they reached home, but the evening was uncommonly beautiful—yet, as they drove up the avenue leading to the house, Emily fancied that it wore a mournful appearance, such as she had never before observed. But the

place had undergone no change—it was her own melancholy feelings that tinged with gloom every surrounding object. She retired early to bed ; but so many sad reflections obtruded themselves upon her mind, that they effectually banished sleep ; and it was not until a late hour, that she obtained the salutary refreshment of a few hours forgetfulness.

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• 2

## CHAP. IX.

Ev'n in the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop  
 ! In deep retired distress.

THOMSON.

**S**EVERAL weeks passed, during which the depression of Emily, rather encreased than diminished. Every object so forcibly reminded her of Edward, that she found all her endeavours ineffectual to drive him from her thoughts. She strove to recollect that he was now her brother—but the idea of entertaining for him a criminal affection, harassed her mind, and kept her spirits in a constant state of agi-



tation. About this time she received intelligence of the death of Susan Price; and so forlorn! so sad! so dispirited felt Emily! that there were moments, when she was inclined, to envy her, her fate.—Yet one consolation had Emily, of which poor Susan had been deprived—her sorrow—her misfortunes—were not the consequences of her own imprudent conduct!

At length, however, she received a letter from Olivia, announcing her arrival in the following week.

“ Henry will come with me, added she, and so will Arthur.—Perhaps I may prevail on them to leave me, and go on to Brighton races by themselves:—without you will take a trip over there with us.—We shall see.—At present, I can think of nothing else, but my visit to my old favorite spot.—Arthur has received a letter this morning from our brother Edward, (they correspond punctually—I do not know what it is about, but I rather think

there is some treason hatching)—he is very well; and writes, Arthur says, quite in renewed spirits. Arthur did talk once of going down into Cumberland; but, it seems, he has altered his mind. He does not tell me the reason, but I think I can give a good guess. Now, do not ask me what it is—it is a secret—that is one, of my own surmising; and one, which I heartily wish may prove true!—Mind you put on your best looks; for I must have you merry—You are Miss Maitland now. and I shall expect you to do the honors in form, when your welcome at the door of your paternal mansion.

“Your affectionate Sister,

“OLIVIA.”

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The anticipation of this visit in some degree revived the dejected spirits of Emily, and she felt great pleasure in hearing that Edward was, also, beginning to

recover his equanimity. Another letter, however, which arrived the day following, served to check the first sensation of joy she had experienced since, the discovery of her family: for, on opening it, she found it was from her mother, who earnestly entreated for another interview.

“ I know, said Lady Mortimer, it cannot be in a house of your father; but, at mine, where you will be always welcomed with affection, I think you might contrive to come. Should you have any scruples at entering a house inhabited by Lord Mortimer, (which, possibly, your family may, whether you have or not) the meeting can, if you, or they like it better, take place at Madame Levine’s, in Bond Street. She is acquainted with the whole affair. It was a most fortunate circumstance for you, and, indeed, for us all, that you happened to employ her upon a late occasion—for it was entirely

through her that the timely discovery took place. She was, formerly, my woman; but has since married a French valet of Lord Mortimer's, and set up as a Milliner:—and was the very person who conveyed you from your father's house, to the lodgings I had provided for you and Mrs. Dalton.—The moment she saw you, she was struck with the likeness you bore to me; and from some information she gained from a young person of the name of Madeline, who, I understand, has lived with you for many years; together with your own name of Emily Doraton; led her to believe, you was really the child, whose loss had caused her and myself many an uneasy hour. At the sight of the scar, she says, she thought she should have sunk upon the earth; for she felt in a manner convinced that you was my child:—and, if so, the person you was going to be married to, must inevitably be your brother.—Unhappily, I was at Windsor.—And as there

was no time to be lost, she took a chaise instantly on leaving your house, and came down to me as quickly as possible, but she did not reach Windsor until the middle of the night. You may judge of the state of my feelings on receiving this intelligence.—It was necessary to apprize you immediately of the relationship to the man you was going to marry—yet, how was it to be done?—A letter from me, I was afraid, would never be believed, or, perhaps, returned unopened. There was no time to be lost—I was almost frantic!—At last, I determined on seeing you myself—but, fearing the ceremony would have taken place before I got to town, I dispatched instantly a few lines, in a disguised hand, by a man on horseback, calculated to deter you from proceeding any farther in the affair till I arrived.—Happily, I reached London in time—but, just in time!—and the scene I witnessed there, has left an indelible impression on my mind. — O! Emily!—



what would your mother now give to recall the past!—to be the innocent, the happy being, she was, when a resident in that house!—To the world, perhaps, I have appeared to live a life of gaiety—of happiness!—I wished them to think so— I wish them to think so still! — But to you, my dear child, I will confess, (ah! may the confession warn you to shun the commission of crimes like mine,) that I have never known even one happy moment, since I so fatally deserted your father and his children. — His children!—Alas! they were mine likewise!

The man whom my seductions misled, till I knew him, was a man of honor— (no doubt you are well acquainted with the story of your mother's frailty)—as such, he made me what reparation he could, by marrying me, after a divorce was procured by your father. — But— though he has never ill-treated me, yet I have never possessed either his esteem or confidence:—I know he has repented,

bitterly repented, his conduct to your aunt—your mother, I ought to say—for has she not acted with the affection of one towards you?—ah! much more so, than your real parent!—But yet, on your account, my child, I have, surely, nothing to answer for: the fondest affection alone made me act as I did, in having you conveyed away. Your father, I knew, would not part with you; and, I fancied, I could not live without you.—Providence, however, defeated all my schemes.—Whilst we remained in England, I did not think it prudent to have you with me, but I, as well as Jenkins, who you know only as Madame Levine, saw you very frequently; and, immediately, upon our becoming stationary at Paris, (for we had spent some time in wandering over various parts of the Continent) I sent for you and Mrs. Dalton to come over.

“It was then my intention to have introduced you into the family of Lord Mor-

timer as my neice ; but—you know better than I do, how this plan was frustrated, by the death of the poor woman, in whose care I had placed you, and who I meant to retain in the family as your attendant. She had instructions to come on as far as Tilliers, which is about midway between Dieppe and Paris, where I had promised to send some one to meet her. Indeed I went myself. For the first two or three days after my arrival at Tilliers, I waited very patiently, thinking that the delay was occasioned by contrary winds : but at the end of the week I began to be seriously uneasy at her lengthened absence. Still I was determined to wait a few days longer ; but finding she did not come at the end of another week, I went on as far as Dieppe myself, to make enquiries.

“ I put up at the Hotel to which the passengers from the packets usually resorted ; but all I could learn there was, that a poor woman of the name of Dalton

had died there, who had broken a blood-vessel previous to her landing, and that she had been buried from the Hotel. There was a child, the landlady said, she believed, belonging to her? but what became of it, she did not know. At least, the lady who came with them out of the packet, took her away—(who might be her mother for what she knew.)—I then enquired the lady's name?—and, what road she took when she left Dieppe?—She went from thence to Rouen, the landlady said, and she supposed, on to Paris, but she did not know; it was not her place to enquire: and, as to her name, she had never heard it mentioned.

“It struck me at the time, that there was an air of insincerity about the woman; but, as I could not conceive any motive she could have for deceiving me, I was compelled to believe the truth of her assertions. However, I did express my surprise, that she should not know the name of the lady, who, by her own

account, had been a resident in her house many days. Nay, Madam, said she, how was I to know it? unless she chose to inform me. I had no right to ask any questions. They were merely my customers. I might as well insist upon knowing who you are, Madam: which, no doubt, you would consider as taking a great liberty. Besides, I don't know but the lady who took the child away, was the little girl's mother: they all came from on board the packet together.

“ Did she know the name of the child?—was my next question.—Emma, or Emily I believe she was called, returned the landlady, but I won't be sure; for my house was in such a bustle all the time they staid, what with the woman's death, and one thing or other, that I had enough upon my hands, without troubling myself about other people's concerns.

“ I had no doubt but that this child



was mine, yet, as I found nothing further was to be gained from the landlady, (who, I began to think I had suspected wrongfully,) I hastened back to Paris, as quickly as possible; where I made search in every way I could think of, after my lost child: attending every public promenade, both within the city, and also in its environs, in the hope of meeting the little rosy face I so anxiously sought. It was all, however, to no purpose; and, at length, I was compelled to give up the search as hopeless. But, little did I think, that you was safely reposing in the bosom of your own family; and protected by her, whom I had so basely, so cruelly injured!

“The uncertainty of your fate rendered me so wretched, that my health was visibly declining; and Lord Mortimer proposed, that we should change our place of residence, and visit Italy.—There, during that fatal earthquake, and violent explosion of Vesuvius, he had the

good fortune to save the life of Ellinor:—though his spirits did not recover their usual equanimity, for many days after their meeting. Little did I think, my dear child, that you was then so near me!—I suppose you was at Naples with your adopted mother—O! had I been apprised of it, what a world of uneasiness would it have saved me?—What could have been the landlady's motive for deceiving me, I am still at a loss to conjecture; as, I understand, your aunt left both her name and address, with her, for the express purpose of guiding any one to her place of residence, who might chance to make enquiries after you.—O! Ellinor!—this act of humanity was so characteristic of your amiable disposition.—But, my dear Emily, when shall this meeting take place?—O! let it not be delayed!—for, whatever I may have been to others, to you I have ever been

“A fond and affectionate,

“MOTHER.”

On the perusal of this letter, the weakened spirits of Emily were again agitated to a painful degree. — A meeting with her mother ! — her heart recoiled from the bare idea.

Lady Mortimer seemed to lay a strong stress upon the affection she bore her ; and, frequently said, “ that towards her, “ at least, she had not acted erroneously.” — But Emily saw her conduct in a very different point of view. — By her own account, she would have dragged her from a home of peace and virtue, to have transplanted her into one of vice and infamy ; where, she was to be introduced under a fictitious name, and where she would have had cause to blush every hour, for the failings of her mother. Very little gratitude, she thought, was due for such affection as this : — and, when she recollected the aggravated circumstances attending her elopement, she could not think of her, without a shuddering sensation of horror.

She presented the letter to Miss Maitland, who had been in the most extensive sense of the word, a mother to her, and requested her advice. She, however, could not give her any, without first mentioning the subject to her father.—Sir William immediately signified his wish, that she should have no communication with her mother; and it was some time before he would accord his permission even to write to her. “She voluntarily deserted you all,” said he, “and she has no right to expect, that you can ever look upon her in any other light, than as an abandoned woman. Whilst I live, Emily, I never will allow you to see her; and I would have you tell her so. Say, I absolutely forbid it.”

Miss Maitland was rather of opinion, that Emily should be permitted to have one interview with her mother. But, against this her brother was resolutely determined. Emily, therefore, who had

no wish to see her mother, and who would have dreaded such an interview, as one of the most unpleasant circumstances that could have happened to her, sat herself down to write the refusal of her father, though not exactly in the words he had dictated : for she softened it as much as she possibly could : though he insisted upon her saying—“ that her father would not permit her either to see, or to receive any more letters, from a mother, who bore the name of Mortimer.”

Miss Maitland, as well as Lady Mortimer, was at a loss to conjecture what could have been the motive of the landlady at Dieppe, for withholding from the latter, the address of the former ; having left it with her for the express purpose of making known to any of the friends of Emily, who might enquire after her, where she was to be found.—But the fact was this :—In the pockets of Mrs. Dalton had been found a little



bag containing about twenty guineas, which, unperceived by Miss Maitland, had been secreted by the landlady, and converted to her own use. And, as guilt is ever apprehensive of detection, she resolved, on the departure of the child, never to answer any enquiries that might be made after her ; lest her dishonest and cruel conduct to this little unfortunate creature, should be discovered, and, perhaps punished, as she could not but be conscious, it deserved.

When the letter to Lady Mortimer was sent off, Emily felt greatly relieved ; and the arrival of Olivia in the following week, nearly completed the restoration of her spirits. They rambled over the park together ; and Olivia appeared so cheerful, and so happy, in the company of Emily, and at finding herself once more at home at Melbury, that Emily grew more and more like herself, every day they passed together.

Olivia wished her to go on with them

to Brighton ; and as both Miss Maitland and her father joined in this wish, (thinking the change would be of service to her) she, at length, though, at first against it, agreed to accompany them. Lord Vaversly had visited Melbury with his sister ; of course, he was one of the party to Brighton ; and was full of hope and animation at the idea of being the companion of his beloved Emily, though for so short a period, as they were to stay at Brighton.

In the mornings they joined the fashionable throng on the race hill ; but in the evenings they preferred a walk up the cliff towards Rottingdean, or over the church hill towards the spa, to mixing with the motley group on the crowded steine. In many of these rambles, Emily remarked, and it was not the first time she had made the observation, how much the opinions and manners of Lord Vaversly resembled those of Edward ; and a walk by moonlight with him, and

his sister on the cliff, never failed to bring this resemblance more forcibly to her mind. Edward, was, likewise, frequently the subject of their conversation; and it gave her the greatest pleasure to hear from Lord Vaversly, that he had now very nearly recovered his health and spirits.

On the last day of the races, Emily and Olivia had found the heat so intolerably oppressive, as they sat in the barouche on the course, that they quit-  
ted it, and went into the stand. The cool feel of which was so pleasant and refreshing, that they were congratulating each other on the agreeable change, when Henry suddenly entered : and coming up to where they were so comfortably seated, said, in a hurried manner—  
“ Come, you must come down stairs both  
“ of you.”

O, dear ! no”—exclaimed Emily—“ it  
“ is so much more pleasant here.”

“ But it will not be very pleasant for

“you to meet your mother, Emily;”—replied he.—“I saw her just now on the course, and heard her say she was coming up here into the stand.”

“My mother!”—cried Emily, “how unlucky!—O! I am ready to go down stairs directly.—But, suppose we go home, Olivia? for I would not meet with her here for the world!”

At this very moment they saw her enter: and Emily trembled lest she should recognise her. She was gaily dressed, and came in with a haughty air, and an unblushing assurance, that rendered her an object of universal attention.—But Emily, though agitated, could not avoid observing, that none of the respectable part of the company took any notice of her. Luckily, however, she walked, with a commanding air, to a distant part of the stand, where was collected a group, whose characters stood much in the same predicament as her

own. Whilst these were loudly welcoming her, her disgusted children, (for even the careless Henry was alive to the disgrace of having such a mother) made the best of their way out of the stand :— and Olivia, fully entering into their feelings, was equally ready to return home.

“ She will not speak to me,” said Henry, “ therefore, I need not miss the “ race, and you can go home very well “ by yourselves.”—This, however, Lord Vaversly would not permit ;—and, therefore, rode with his sister, and Emily into Brighton : though they begged he would return to see the race, knowing it was an amusement he was fond of. Brighton no longer possessed any pleasure for Emily : and Henry said, at dinner, “ he “ thought it would be as well for them “ to take themselves off. I am going “ to Arundell, for a few days,” added he, “ and Vaversly, I suppose, you will “ make one of our set?—In the mean



“ while I think the best plan for your  
“ sister and mine, will be, to return to  
“ Melbury.”

“ That is as they like ;” observed Lord  
Vaversly—“ If they wish to quit Brigh-  
“ ton, I offer my services to attend  
“ them :— but as to making one of your  
“ party, I must beg to be excused.”

“ Well, every man to his mind :” said  
Henry, carelessly. —“ Then, I suppose,  
“ you will set off to-morrow ?”

Emily said, “ she should prefer leaving  
“ Brighton that very evening ; for, whilst  
“ she remained there, she should not  
“ know a moment’s peace.” The same  
evening, therefore, Emily, Olivia, and  
Lord Vaversly, returned to Melbury.

It was nearly six weeks before they  
were joined by Henry, who had pro-  
ceeded with his friends round the coast :  
and not long afterwards Edward returned  
from Cumberland. At first sight of each  
other, Edward and Emily betrayed a  
considerable share of emotion ; but by

degrees, though it was some months first, this extreme susceptibility wore off; and they were able to meet calmly as a beloved brother and sister.

They spent the winter in London : and early in the following spring, the family were both astonished and pleased, by the receipt of a letter, addressed to Miss Maitland, from her old friend Madame St. Valery, of whom she had received no intelligence for several months. It was dated Dover ; and announced them to be just landed ;—but having had a very rough passage, it was their intention to remain there, for a few days, to recruit their shattered strength, previous to their visiting London.

Few circumstances could have given greater pleasure to Miss Maitland, (who entertained a high esteem for these worthy people) than the information contained in this letter. She determined, instantly, to invite them to Park Lane ; and to go herself to Dover for that pur-

pose. Sir William also, who was anxious to shew his sense of the kindness they had evinced for his sister, at a former period, resolved to accompany her; and Lord Vaversly, likewise, desired to be of the party. Emily, in the mean while, spent a few days with Olivia, who was but just recovering from her accouchement, and passed her time very pleasantly, in discoursing with her friend, of former times; and in the recollection of many occurrences, that happened in their childhood, during their residence at Raimondi.

When the party returned from Dover, Emily was immediately apprised of their arrival; and quitting her friend, who was not yet allowed to go out of doors, she went back to Park Lane; where she was affectionately greeted by her old friends the St. Valery's. Victorine, who was nearly the same age as herself, expressed her astonishment at finding Emily so grown; but she forgot that an equal change had taken place in herself; for

she had, indeed, rather the advantage of Emily in height. Unlike the generality of females of her country, she was modest and retired ; and though naturally of a cheerful, lively disposition, it was so attempered by good-sense, and sweetness of manners ; that she promised to be a formidable rival to Olivia, in the good graces of Emily. Her father and mother tired of the distracted state of their unhappy country, and of living under the arbitrary dominion of its present ruler, were come to settle in England : and Sir William, glad to have it in his power to return some part of the obligation he lay under to Monseieur St. Valery, for the attention he paid to his sister on her departure from France, insisted upon it, that they should make his house their home, until they suited themselves with one to their satisfaction.

As their means would not enable them to support a large establishment, it was their wish to look out for a small house,

somewhere in the vicinity of Melbury: and Emily promised herself much gratification, in having so pleasing a companion to wander about with, as Victorine, she had every reason to suppose, would prove.

As soon as Olivia was sufficiently recovered to go with them, they all together proceeded into Sussex: where, after a short time spent in searching for a residence, suitable to their wishes, they, at length, took the very same house, that had formerly been inhabited by Mrs. Watkins.

Lord Vaversly had, for some time, been so particular in his attention to Emily, that she could no longer affect to mistake his meaning. At first, this gave her the most extreme concern; for she had made up her mind never to marry. And she entertained for him such a true sisterly affection, that she lamented the necessity she was under, of wounding his



feelings by a refusal. She assured him of her regard—her esteem—but, as to love, said she, with a faint smile, that is out of the question. It was not in her nature to trifle with any one;—and she, therefore, decidedly, though mildly, rejected him.

This denial, though so firmly delivered, did not deprive him of hope; and having gained the approbation of all her family, he flattered himself that she would, eventually, accede to his wishes. In his sister he had a powerful advocate. Olivia was for ever representing to Emily, how much her brother in all his manners and opinions resembled Edward; and that he would make an equally good husband.

Emily readily assented to the truth of this.

“You shall have him, Emily,” resumed Olivia—“I have set my heart upon it—You are exactly suited to each other.”

Emily smiled, but shook her head.

“Nay, it is silly to think of dying an old-maid,” cried Olivia;—“I cannot think what the girl has got in her head!—Look at my little Emily:—O! I hope I shall see you some day or other the mother of a little Olivia!—but mind, its other name shall be Versely—or else, I shall not love it half so well.”

“But Edward”—said Emily, blushing—“how changeable! how versatile! will he think me, could I so lightly again dispose . . . .”

“How it would please him, you mean,” interrupted Olivia:—“for, to let you into the secret, it has been for some time past, the first wish of his heart: Arthur made him his confidant long ago;—and, I, myself, heard him say the other day, that my brother alone could deserve you. He has been half inclined to become his advocate, but . . .”

“You would not have me give myself

“to any one, my dear Olivia,” interrupted Emily, “without I could, likewise, give my heart? And though I certainly feel for your brother the most sincere esteem, yet unless I experienced for him a warmer affection, I should be guilty of the greatest injustice in becoming his wife.”

“Do you like any man better?” — asked Olivia.

“No; I know no young man, out of our own family, of whom I entertain so high an opinion; and had I a sister, he is exactly the kind of worthy character, to whom I should wish to see her allied.”

“Nay then, my dear Emily, by your own account, you have no reasonable objection to Arthur. He fondly loves you; and has done so for a considerable length of time; even when he supposed you the destined wife of his friend Edward. Edward, too, wishes it. As to your feeling a violent passion

“ for the man you are to marry, I did not  
“ think you was so romantically inclined  
“ as to deem that necessary. I am well  
“ convinced, that love on the man’s side,  
“ and esteem on the woman’s, are more  
“ likely to be productive of happiness,  
“ than that violence of passion, which, to  
“ say the best of it, speedily evaporates.  
“ But mind, the love must be on the  
“ man’s side; we must not reverse the  
“ case; that, perhaps,” said she, sighing,  
“ would not do so well. But come my  
“ dear Emily, do think better of it, and  
“ consent to become doubly my sister.  
“ I would wager every thing I am worth  
“ in the world, that Arthur will never  
“ give you cause to repent, the having  
“ followed by advice.”

Emily, overcome by the kind importunity of her friend, promised to give the affair a more serious consideration:—and Olivia, delighted with even this concession, flew to her brother, to relate the pleasing intelligence.

That Edward was already apprised of Lord Vaversly's attachment, nay even wished the marriage to take place, removed the principal objection from the mind of Emily; and she, at length, yielded to the earnest solicitations of Olivia, and the persevering attachment of her brother, so far, as to allow him to apply to her father.

It was a connexion highly consonant to the wishes of Sir William, and was equally approved of by Miss Maitland; who both entertained the most exalted opinion of their long esteemed young friend, Lord Vaversly. Sir William immediately informed him what fortune it would, suit him to give his daughter: and Lord Vaversly would in his turn, have informed Sir William of the amount of his annual income, had such information been necessary—but with this, from the circumstance of having been guardian to this candidate for his daughter's favour, he was already acquainted.



In a short time it was known through the family that such a marriage was in contemplation; and Madeline was once more alive at the near prospect of a wedding amongst them; though she never failed to say, when talking about it—  
“ That, in this world, there were so many  
“ ups and downs, and such a mortal  
“ sight of wicked people, that, for her  
“ part, she should never again make sure  
“ of Miss Emily’s going to be married,  
“ until they came out of the church door  
“ man and wife.

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## CHAP. X.

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind ;  
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
 An elegant sufficiency, content,  
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heav'n !  
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love.

THOMSON.

AS Lord Vaversly and Emily had been so long, and so intimately acquainted, they were perfectly well informed of the temper and disposition of each other ; there was on that account, therefore, no plea for delay ; and as Emily, now she had made up her mind to become his wife, was superior to the affectation of making

any artificial procrastinations, the marriage was settled to take place on the fourth of August, being the day on which Emily would attain the age of twenty-one.

On the appointed morning, Madeline came into her mistress's room to call her, in obedience to the orders she had received the evening before; and began, in a tone of lamentation, to bewail her unluckiness in having such a bad day to be married in; for that it rained as hard as it could pour.

“It will make it cooler;”—said Emily  
“but if not, it is in vain to repine at what  
“cannot be avoid.”

“Why, as to that, to be sure, Miss  
“Emily, you can't have much worse  
“luck than you had the last time you  
“was going to be married.—O dear! I  
“hope you won't be disappointed again!  
“—I hope this won't turn out so cruel  
“unlucky!—But, however, you can't be  
“sister to both of 'em, that's morally

“ impossible ! — But, dear me ! what  
“ strange, unaccountable things do hap-  
“ pen in this world ! — There, — who’d a  
“ thought of seeing our old neighbours,  
“ the St. Valery’s ! — Holy Virgin ! they  
“ came pop upon us all at once — How  
“ little Victorine is grown ! and what a  
“ good natured young lady she is ! — She  
“ is just like you, Miss Emily, all so  
“ affable like : and I do think very near  
“ as handsome : only all the folks in my  
“ country is very good looking, so there  
“ is nothing astonishing in that. But it  
“ was a lucky chance for me, when they  
“ come over from France ; for there  
“ Ma’amselle Victorine told me all about  
“ father and mother ; and brothers and  
“ sisters ; and who was married and dead  
“ in the village ; and about my little  
“ nephews and neices. — Heigho ! — I  
“ wonder whether I shall ever have any  
“ children ! ”

Emily paid little attention to Made-  
line ; her own spirits were too much

fluttered. She dreaded she knew not what :—she almost feared another interruption would take place ;—and, when dressed, felt an universal trembling over her whole frame, at the idea of presenting herself in the library, where the family had agreed to assemble at breakfast upon this occasion. At length, however, she acquired resolution to descend ; and when she did so, found all the family seated, and Olivia on the point of leaving the room to fetch her.

During breakfast the weather assumed a more promising appearance ; the clouds began to disperse, and the sun now and then enlived the face of nature. It had been originally their intention to walk to a small chapel in the Park ; where the ceremony was to be performed ; as Emily had expressed a dislike to having it take place any where, but either in a church or chapel : but from the unfavorable state of the weather, though the distance from the house was very short, the carriages



had been ordered to convey the party thither. • The servant never entered the library during the time they were seated there, but Emily's heart palpitated, and the colour flew from her cheek.—She remembered the letter James had given into her hand upon a former occasion, and she sat in constant dread of something of the same nature taking place.

She, however, needlessly alarmed herself. But when the footman entered the room to announce the arrival of the carriages at the front door, so violent a tremor came over her, from former recollections, that she was on the point of fainting. Miss Maitland gave her some drops in a glass of water, which soon revived her; and she endeavoured to assume an appearance of calmness, and even of cheerfulness, when she gave her hand to Lord Vaversly, to lead her to the carriage, lest he should imagine that she resigned herself to him with reluct-

ance. But he entertained no such idea. He considered her emotion as very natural, when he recollected the melancholy circumstances that had taken place, on a former occasion.

Victorine, and Edward, (who was himself in no slight degree of agitation, from the recollection of former occurrences,) went in the same carriage with Emily, and her future husband; and the rest of the party followed in those of Sir William, and Henry. — The distance was so trifling, that they were at the chapel in a very few minutes; and as the weather was now cleared up, and apparently settled to be fine, they dismissed the carriages upon their entrance, and determined to walk back.

Madeline threw an old shoe after them for good luck:—though, she declared, she did not make sure of it now; for what with one thing, and what with another, she believed there was a spell set

against her, or her mistress's ever being married.

The servants continued chattering together in the hall, until Madeline, who was just wondering what sort of a place Vaversly Park was, suddenly gave a loud scream, that startled all her fellow servants, and exclaimed!—O! something has happened!—ah! I expected how it would be!—Only look, if they are not just a coming out from under the trees.

The eyes of the servants were in a moment directed that way. They were coming, the footman said, sure enough! but he did not think any of them had met with a misfortune by their looks, particularly Lord Vaversly.

“Nonsense!” said Madeline, half crying, “what do you think they come back for then?—they can’t have been married in this time.”

“Pho! pho! you silly girl!”—said Lord Vaversly’s valet, “that’s all you

“ know about it. It takes a very little  
“ time to fetter a man. Yes, yes, my  
“ Lord’s married, I can see that by his  
“ countenance; he would shew a very  
“ different face if he had met with a dis-  
“ appointment.”

“ O ! I shall be wretched till I know !”  
“ —exclaimed Madeline.—“ But mind  
“ you don’t call me silly again; for, I  
“ don’t see as you’re such a very wise  
“ person yourself,”

The party being now within a very few  
paces of the house, it was time for the  
servants to withdraw. Madeline, how-  
ever, lingered in the hall; and so anx-  
ious was she to know whether her  
mistress had returned a wife, that she  
could not forbear, on her entrance, dart-  
ing forward, and saying—“ O !—Miss  
“ Emily—are you—are you indeed mar-  
“ ried ?”

Lord Vaversly smiled at her eager-  
ness, and knowing her affectionate  
attachment to her mistress, took the

hand of Emily, whose arm was through his own, and said, — “this lady, Madeline, is my wife. — She is no longer Miss Emily, but Lady Vaversly.”

“The Holy Virgin be praised!” — exclaimed Madeline, fervently — and the next moment burst into a violent flood of tears.

“Why, — how is this, Madeline?” — said Lord Vaversly.

“I — don’t — know;” replied she, sobbing — “but I am sure I’m as glad as can be. — But pray don’t take it amiss, for indeed ! indeed ! I could not help it !”

“Poor girl !” — said Emily, tenderly, “I can properly appreciate her feelings. — Have the goodness to leave me with her one moment, my Lord ? — I will be with you in the library almost immediately.”

“Certainly, my dear Emily, if you wish it : but do not let us be deprived of your company long. I cannot con-



“sent to lose you for more than five  
“minutes, just at the very moment, too,  
“when I have so recently made you  
“my own.”

Emily said, “he should have no cause  
“to accuse her of delay, only she wish-  
“ed to comfort poor Madeline for a  
“moment or two.”—and he left her.

Indeed, it was a favourable opportunity for recalling her own scattered spirits; and she sat down on a chair by the side of that, on which Madeline, at her request, was already seated.

“What I cry for,” said Madeline, still weeping, though less violently, “I’m  
“sure I can’t tell—only, pray, Miss  
“Emily—I beg your pardon—my Lady.  
“—Only, pray, my Lady, don’t think  
“it’s out of illnaturedness or envy—for  
“it was all joy—pure joy—and nothing  
“else, if you’ll believe me.—I know I  
“ought to have laughed; I know I  
“ought; and I meant it;—but, some-  
“how, the fit came over me, and I

“could not a helped bursting out in  
“that manner, if I’d been to be killed  
“for it!—If I had not a done it, I should  
“a swooned away.”

“Do not vex yourself about it, Made-  
“line;” said Emily, tenderly. “I know,  
“and value your affection. But you  
“are not going to leave me, you know;  
“you are going with us to Vaversly  
“Park:—and here is something as a  
“present for you.”

“O, dear!—Miss Emily—I mean, my  
“Lady,—you have always been too good  
“to me. What is the matter with me,  
“I cannot tell!—(I must be mad I  
“think!)—but, for the life of me, I  
“cannot help crying!”

Emily wa herself affected.

“Heighday!”—said Olivia, as she  
entered the hall in search of Emily—  
“what are you both seated here for?—  
“Come, Lady Vaversly, your Lord and  
“master, (see what you have entailed  
“upon yourself) has sent me to fetch

you. Why, Madeline, what is the matter with you, girl?—come, come, cheer up and be merry: here, the dinner will soon be ready; and then we shall all be jogging to your mistress's new residence, Vaversly Park. Bless me! what a face yours is for a wedding!—why, you could not look more dismal, if your mistress was going away without you. Come, my Lady," added she, laughing, "you are waited for in the library."

"Dear me!—I must not sit here doing of nothing," cried Madeline, starting up suddenly— "I must be about getting all the things ready. O! I only wish Mrs. Dawbwell was here just now, to hear Mrs. Henry call you, my Lady! I know it would provoke her so!"

As soon as dinner was over, the whole party, except Monseieur and Madame St. Galery, quitted Melbury, for the seat of the bridegroom in Somersetshire. Where,

however, they did not arrive until the next evening, having slept one night upon the road. Lord Vaversly fondly welcomed his wife to the paternal seat of his ancestors: and she, in her turn, expressed herself much pleased with the noble mansion, and extensive park, that bore the name of the family, of which she was now a part.

Olivia now declared herself completely happy. — But her happiness shortly received a check. For Henry, weary of the country, expressed his resolution of setting out for London within a few days. She, however, consoled herself with an agreement, entered into between her and Emily, of writing to each other once a week: though when the time came for her departure, it was with the utmost regret she took leave of her friend, whom she loved with even more than a sisterly affection.

Sir William and his sister did not continue long at Vaversly Park, after the de-

parture of Henry and Olivia; but as Victorine was to stay with Emily for some time longer, Edward also remained, that he might be in readiness to escort her home.

The amiable manners of this lovely girl, so much resembling those of Emily, by degrees, gained the entire esteem of Edward; and being now domesticated with her, he had still further opportunities of witnessing the sweetness of her temper, and the general amiability of her disposition. In time, this favourable opinion ripened into a serious attachment; and he entertained thoughts of soliciting her to become his wife. But there was one powerful obstacle:—the difference of their religion. Yet the more he reflected upon this impediment, the less of a difficulty it appeared. He determined, however, to consult his father, before he mentioned his intention either to Victorine, or her parents; and, if he found his



father willing to overlook this objection, immediately to make her an offer of his hand. Accordingly, he took an early opportunity of speaking to his father upon this subject.

Sir William, glad to discover in him an inclination to marry at all, after the distressing circumstances that had taken place, appeared to make light of the objection; though he would much rather that his son should have married a protestant; but, considering, that we cannot have every thing to our wishes—and knowing Victorine to be a gentle, modest, amiable young woman, he thought a marriage with her, was very likely to be productive of happiness to Edward. She had no fortune, to be sure;—but Edward, he knew, was not ambitious of being rich;—and as his first wish was to see his children happy, he started not the least objection, but yielded his unqualified consent to their union.

In about six months, therefore, from the time of Emily's marriage, Victorine became the wife of Edward. But there was a preliminary stipulation between them, that any children they might have, should be brought up, according to the religion of their father.

Olivia, separated from her friends, has occasion, too frequently, to repent, that she suffered her love to mislead her reason, - in the choice of a husband. For Henry, though he does not use her ill, is so careless and inattentive, both to her happiness, and that of her children, (his affections being all wrapped up in self) that she cannot but be keenly sensible of the great difference in her lot, to that of either Victorine or Emily. Yet, she endeavours to find excuses for him, by placing it to his fondness for those amusements that are to be found in London; which, naturally, she considers, leads him into gay company—and, though he

sometimes leaves her for weeks together, whilst he is rambling about with these gay companions, she ever meets him, on his return, with the smile of good-nature and affection. Formed for domestic happiness, she makes a fond, and affectionate mother; though she sometimes weeps over her children, (for she has now two) during the long, long absences of their father. Her principal pleasure consists in paying every summer a visit to Vaversly Park, and to Melbury: where, though she is too amiable to envy the happiness of her friends, yet she cannot help now and then breathing a sigh, as she reflects—how different is the conduct of Henry!

Emily and Lord Vaversly are indeed blest beyond the common lot. Their happiness, founded upon the solid, and firm basis of mutual esteem, would be without alloy; did not the remembrance of Lady Mortimer sometimes dart a

pang through the bosom of her daughter, the poignancy of which, can only be conceived by those, who have had the misfortune of having *a mother* similarly situated.

She dreaded their removal, every time they went to London; for, in public, it was unavoidable, but that they should sometimes meet. Upon these occasions Emily was always sensibly affected; sometimes, almost to fainting—and Lord Vaversly would then have her tenderly conveyed home. But he constantly laid his commands on her, never to notice Lady Mortimer;—and as this was the only occasion, on which he ever attempted to command, Emily thought it her duty to comply.

“She is received by the world,” he would say, “at least by some part of it;” “but were we to be seen noticing her, it” “would be a direct encouragement to” “vice. Do not think me harsh, my

“ dear Emily, when I say, such women  
“ as her ought to be avoided by every  
“ one—to be held up to universal de-  
“ testation and contempt!—for, have  
“ they not committed one of the greatest  
“ crimes, that can disgrace human na-  
“ ture.”

Emily assured him she viewed the affair in exactly the same light he did; and she wished that others would do the same; for she should then be spared the misery of meeting with a mother, whom the interests of virtue, and indeed her own feelings, must ever induce her to shun.

That mother, though she affected the most haughty resentment at the conduct of Emily, in thus evidently avoiding her, felt acutely the reproach, which that conduct was calculated to convey.— And when she reflected, that it was but justice—but the natural effect of the crimes she had committed—her heart



was torn by that most bitter of all feelings—*Remorse*!—She would have given worlds to recall the past.—“Would  
“that my life could come over again!”—sighed she, mentally—“how different  
“should be the line of conduct I would  
“pursue!—I know, too well, that even  
“in this world, there is no peace for  
“the wicked—and in the next!”—She shuddered—and addressed an ejaculatory prayer to Heaven for mercy.

Still, in public, she endeavours to assume an appearance of ease and gaiety; but the wretched reflections which now constantly assail her, corrode inwardly, and as she once confessed in her letter to her daughter, she never even knows a moments peace. Though she is received into many parties, yet she is well convinced that those who invite her, have some secret motive of their own to serve by it; and as to the company or friendship of the re-

spectable part of society — from these, she cannot avoid feeling the conviction, that she is for ever excluded, by the effects of her own criminal and disgraceful conduct.

These agonising and tormenting reflections have so undermined a naturally robust constitution, that, though not more than five and forty, she exhibits a true picture of a premature old age. Yet, she endeavours to hide its ravages, by painting, and dressing more fantastically, than she did even in her early youth. Which, instead of taking the effect she wishes, only serves to render every defect more glaring.

Madeline still lives with her beloved mistress; though she has lately been married to the butler at Vaversly Park. But though her lady offered her a vacant cottage to reside in, if she chose to give up her situation, yet she was so much affected at the thoughts of leav-

ing her, that she still continues to hold the same place as formerly, about the person of Emily. And, as there has been lately a son and heir added to the family, she has had enough to do, to caress and admire the dear ! the blessed little creature ! who, she affirms, is the very picture of his own mamma.— Though all the time her beloved lady was ill, and, as every one feared, in some degree of danger, she was continually weeping, and bewailing her hard fate — not only upon her mistress's account, but on her own ; for being, as she said, such a foolish girl, as to be always wishing to be married.

But when all danger was over, she speedily forgot her sorrow ; and at the christening of the young heir, when the family once more assembled together ; and the tenants were regaled with a dance upon the lawn ; she was to be seen gaily frisking in the midst of

them: and no one amongst the whole company, with more heartfelt sincerity than Madeline, wished health and long life, to the youthful Heir, of the Noble House of Vaversly.

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And now, having brought this history to a conclusion, I shall only say, in the words of the admirable author of *Cœlebs*, that — “ If I have been deceived in the ambitious hope that these pages may not be entirely useless, I must be contented with the humble hope, that no part of these volumes will be found injurious to the important interests, which it was rather in my wish, than in my ability to advance: that where I failed in effecting good, little evil has been done: that if my book has answered no valuable purpose, it has, at least, not

added to the number of those publications, which, by impairing the virtue, have diminished the happiness of mankind: that if I possessed not talents to promote the cause of Christian morals, I possessed an abhorrence of those principles which lead to their contamination."

THE END.



## ERRATA.

Page 87, line 8, *for utterence read utterance.*

90, — 4, *for bady read baby.*

90, — 17, *for it it read it is.*

219, — 3, *for it is not secret read it is no secret.*

226, — 7, *for treme read extreme.*

257, — 3, *from the bottom, for there no longer read  
there is no longer.*

288, — 6, *for a note of admiration after honor, instead  
of a note of interrogation.*

294, — 14, *for your read you.*

295, — 4, *the comma after exprienced, instead of since.*

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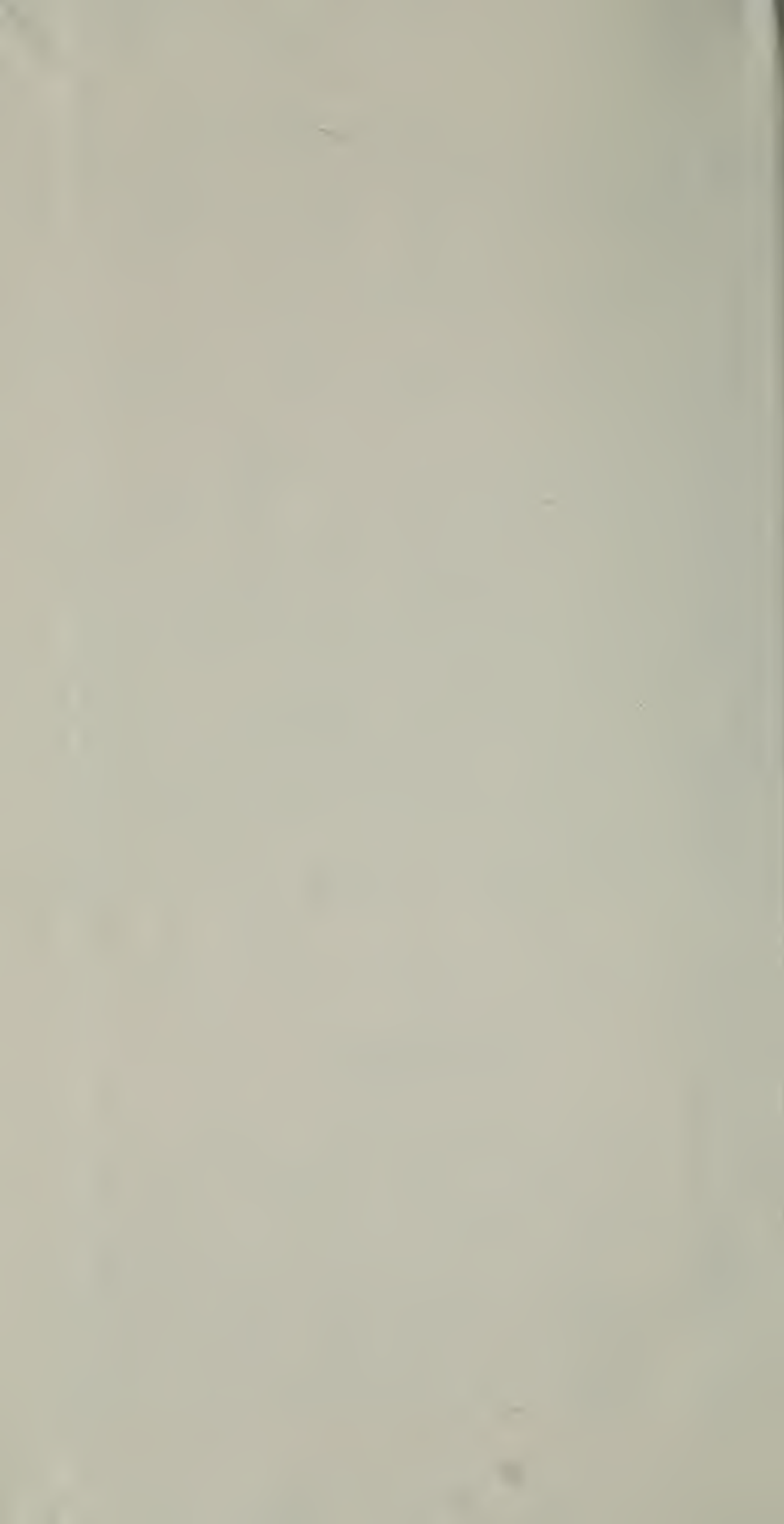
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